

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## 3000 MEN WASH AWAY A MOUNTAIN

### MARCH ROARS LIKE A LION

#### THE GREAT GALE AND HOW IT CAME

Trains Blown Off the Line in Ireland

#### WEATHER BELL THAT STOPS THE TRAFFIC

By Our Weather Correspondent

The terrific gale of early March was the fiercest ever recorded in England. March, indeed, came in like a lion, for the first week of the month saw a succession of south-westerly gales that culminated on the night of the 7th and the morning of the 8th in one of the severest hurricanes ever known in the British Isles.

Most of the gales that sweep this country are caused by the well-known cyclones, or depressions, which move from the Atlantic Ocean. Picture a gigantic swirl of moving air from 100 to 500 miles across, in which winds blow spirally round a centre of low pressure, and you have some idea of the nature of a cyclone.

#### Why the Wind Blows

During the winter one of these systems crosses England, as a rule, every two or three days. Sometimes they are accompanied by light, drizzling rain, always by more or less gusty wind. The force of the wind depends upon what is known as the barometric gradient: that is, the amount of change in the readings of the barometer between two places a fixed distance apart. If the change in the pressure as indicated by the barometer is great, the wind will be high; if it is slight, the wind will be moderate.

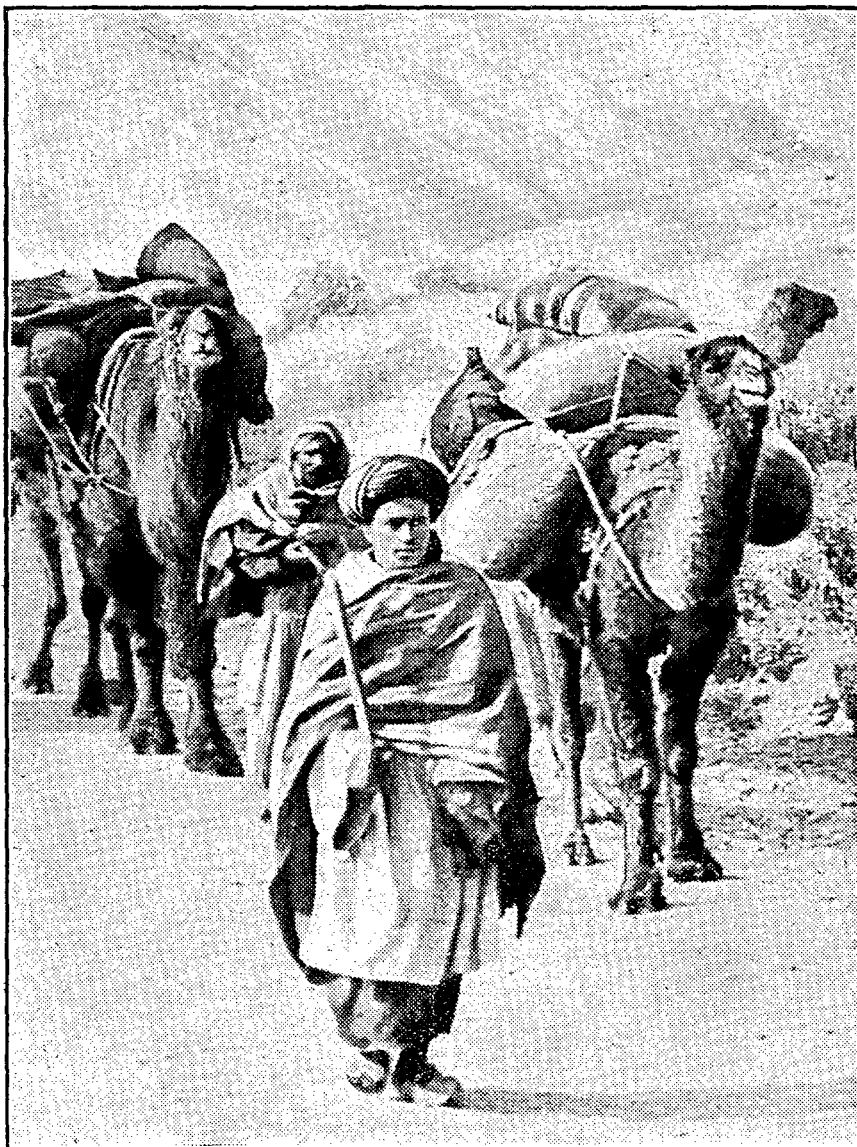
In the gale of March 7 the barometric gradient between certain places in the south-west of England was one of the steepest ever known in these latitudes. The speed of the wind exceeded 100 miles an hour in Cornwall, and reached 108 miles an hour in the Scilly Islands.

#### Gale Rushes at 110 Miles an Hour

Only once in the period during which weather records have been taken has a higher wind velocity been known to have occurred in these islands. This was at Quilty, in County Clare, Western Ireland, in January 1920. Then the instrument for measuring the wind touched its highest point at 110 miles in a furious gust.

The gales on this part of the Irish coast are sometimes so severe that several times the trains on the West Clare Railway have actually been blown off the rails. The instrument at Quilty that measured the famous gust in January 1920 has been fitted with an electric alarm bell, which rings whenever the wind velocity exceeds 65 miles an hour. When this happens the trains are specially ballasted to resist the wind. If the velocity reaches 85 miles an hour another bell rings, and all traffic is then suspended.

### A Camel Caravan in the Khyber Pass



The Prince of Wales has been visiting the famous Khyber Pass, the most famous mountain pass in the world. It is the gateway into India, and for two thousand years armies of conquerors have followed one another through its dark defiles. Now the British are building a railway through it, but meanwhile camel caravans from Afghanistan carry goods into India from the West, as shown in this picture. See page 2

We do not hear of any trains being blown off the rails during the recent gale, but the wind reached its worst in the English Channel, and the seas ran mountains high all along the English and French coasts. Practically all the cross-Channel steamers were suspended, and those that braved the tempest fared like the plucky little Gazelle, which took 16 hours on the short journey from Weymouth to Guernsey.

In France great damage was wrought by the fury of the wind. A serious effect was the collapse of an incomplete new bridge which was being built across the Seine at St. Pierre-du-Vauvray, near Rouen; while at Baud, in Brittany, a church was blown down.

On the morning after the storm it was found almost impossible to communicate with our friends in France, for out of nearly 100 telegraph and telephone wires usually available for this purpose only two or three remained intact. For a time it was quite impossible to send any messages to Switzerland or Italy except by means of wireless

Of course, the full and complete story of the damage wrought by a great gale cannot be known for a considerable time after the event. Sometimes the news of damage to ships at sea is delayed for many weeks.

#### A CUP OF COLD WATER

If soldiers deserve medals for war service, surely civilians who do kind and merciful deeds ought to have their merits recognised in the same way.

Seven hundred men and women who befriended British soldiers during the war by helping them to escape, by sheltering and feeding them when they were cut off from their units, or by saving them from being made prisoners, have been asked to accept British medals. On one side of these civilian medals is the head of King George, and on the other is a design representing Humanity giving an exhausted soldier a cup of water.

A thousand people who did lesser deeds of sympathy and kindness will receive letters of thanks.

### 48 HOURS IN A CHIMNEY

#### SCHOOLBOY'S AMAZING ADVENTURE

Desperate Climb Amid the Soot and Dust

#### A VAIN SHOUT FOR HELP

For two days and nights a Liverpool twelve-year-old schoolboy named John Stone was missing from his home. He went out one morning without any shoes or stockings on, and without saying where he was going.

From his home he went up on to the roof of a building where a ball had been lost while he and some of his school-fellows were playing with it.

But, as he was returning with the ball, he suddenly slipped into a chimney which had no chimney-pot on it, and around which were loose bricks.

He tried to save himself by clutching at the edge, but the edge gave way and down he fell a long way, more than fifteen feet, before he came to a stop.

#### Climbing Back to Daylight

He had fallen on to a bricked-up part of the chimney where the soot was thick and there was no light. The soot disturbed by his fall almost choked the poor boy. He was sore and stiff with bruises. He could only feel his way along the sides. Yet he would not give way to despair. He set to work to try to climb out.

He got up a little distance, then slipped back. This experience he repeated several times. Escape was not going to be as easy as at first it had seemed. And by this time most of the skin was off his elbows and his knees.

John sat still for a few minutes, then he thought he might attract attention by shouting. So he shouted with all his might; shouted, then listened, then shouted and listened again. Not a sound could he hear in reply.

Then he had another try at wriggling upwards, and still he could not get far. After several attempts he had to rest, and very soon he fell asleep, for he was tired out and faint with hunger.

#### Asleep in the Chimney

He must have slept a long time, and when he woke he was cold as well as hungry. This made him determine to set to work again and see if he could not manage to get out.

Many times he failed, many rests he had to take after failure. At last, slowly but surely, he was able to reach a higher point than he had reached before.

At that moment a loose brick fell out, and John saw his opportunity. He jerked his sore, skinned elbow into the hole, and this saved him from falling. Then, after a "breather," he started again. Soon he had got his foot into the hole left by the brick, and he raised himself with a tremendous effort and pulled himself over the top.



## RAILWAY IN THE KHYBER PASS

### THE CONQUEROR'S ROAD

#### Men Will Ride by Train Where Alexander Marched

#### GATEWAY INTO INDIA

The Prince of Wales during his recent visit to the Afghan border motored through the Khyber Pass, the most famous mountain pass in the world, and received from the tribesmen, as a memento of his visit, three of the fat-tailed sheep of Asia and five goats.

The workmen who are now building a railway through the pass had decorated their camp with flags and banners, and gave the Prince a warm welcome in this grim and forbidding region overtopped on every side by frowning mountains.

#### Narrow Road and Towering Walls

The Khyber Pass is the gateway into India, and by it invading armies have entered the great Indian peninsula during two thousand years. Persians, Greeks, Tartars, Mongols, and British have all traversed its dark and forbidding defiles, and among the world-famed conquerors who have passed through it have been Alexander the Great, Mahmud the Great, Genghis Khan, Timur—or, as the story-books call him, Tamerlane—Babur, the founder of the great Mogul empire, and Nadir Shah, the Persian conqueror.

This pass, the only means of access to India from Afghanistan, is a narrow and difficult mountain road, 33 miles long, between towering rocks. Actually it is the bed of a narrow river, and, though in parts 150 yards wide, at one place it is only ten feet across, and a dozen men would have difficulty in walking abreast. On both sides of the road the mountains tower almost perpendicularly, and only at one or two points can they be climbed.

#### A Strange People

Curiously enough, although fierce, war-like tribes have always lived in the country round, they have never in history offered much opposition to the invader. Nevertheless, the pass is capable of easy defence in the hands of men skilled in mountain warfare.

The tribesmen are a great nuisance to any Power that holds the pass, and since the British have been in control the Afridis, as they are called, have caused much trouble. During the past half-century there have been nearly forty military expeditions sent to deal with the war-like tribesmen.

The Afridis, as Lord Roberts once said, have curious ideas of hospitality. They will murder guests in cold blood, but it is contrary to their code of honour to surrender a fugitive who has claimed their protection.

#### Road of Tragic Memories

In 1666, the year of the Great Fire of London, a Mogul army invading Afghanistan had to retreat owing to lack of supplies, and in the Khyber Pass it was massacred by the Afghans. The Mogul governor alone escaped. Nearly two centuries later, in 1842, a British army also retreated from Afghanistan through the Khyber Pass and was massacred by the Afghans. Again only a single survivor escaped, a surgeon named Dr. Brydon.

It is strange to think of travelling by an ordinary train through this historic and forbidding defile, so full of tragic and romantic memories. But the railway will probably do more than any other arm of civilisation to keep the wild tribes in order.

At the present time, side by side with the railway that is being laid, may be seen the camel caravans of Afghan traders, who have lately been showing great enterprise in developing their business relations with India. *Picture on page one*

## TRAINLOADS OF SNOW

### Sending a Ski Slide from One State to Another

#### WINTER SPORTS TO ORDER

Ski-ing is a great sport which is only possible where there is snow.

Yet an American town that had no snow has arranged and carried out successfully a ski tournament, on a slide 115 feet high and 360 feet long.

This was at Fox River Grove, near Cary, in Illinois, where the arrangements for the tournament were made by the Norge Ski Club; and when they found the snow would not come to them they went to the snow—as Mohammed went to the mountain—and then took it back with them.

Snow was lying in large quantities at Baraboo, in Wisconsin, some 40 miles away, and it was decided to bring ten thousand loads of this by train to Cary and dump it on the slide in readiness for the ski-runners. This was done successfully, and some fine exhibitions of ski-ing were given by the competitors in the presence of a crowd of twenty thousand spectators.

Our American cousins are nothing if not enterprising, and this was probably the first time that a real snow course had been laid down for winter sports in a country where snow had not fallen when it was required.

## PANTECHNICON OF THE AIR

### Large Aeroplanes to Carry Heavy Goods

"Furniture removed by airplane" is an advertisement which we may see before long.

The cross-Channel air service has been taking larger and larger freight for some time past, and now that its rate for what the railways call goods has been reduced between London, Paris, Brussels, Holland, and other places, many requests are being made for the carriage of very big articles.

A builder wanted to know if steel girders urgently required for a house in France could be taken. Another inquiry was about a piano. Motor-car engines have already been taken across without difficulty.

The managers of the air lines are planning larger cars for freight, and one of them says he does not consider an air furniture van by any means an impossibility. It would be awkward if it were to slip off and scatter chairs and tables and washstands and bedsteads on the heads of people below!

## TREASURE IN AN OLD TIN

### Romantic Story of a Dustbin

Into the local surveyor's office at Barking, in Essex, ran a man in a great state of excitement, asking if the rubbish-heaps where the contents of dustbins are discharged could be searched for an old tin that had been thrown away by mistake.

When asked what was in the tin he said "All my savings." He had been putting away five-pound notes for years, and kept the tin hidden in a chimney. He did not tell his wife anything about it.

This lack of confidence almost caused him to lose £165. His wife came across the tin, said, "What's this dirty old thing doing in the chimney?" and threw it into the dustbin.

Fortunately for the owner, the tin was found after some hours' digging in the rubbish-heaps, and he carried it thankfully away.

#### Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 55.5	London . . ins. 2.20
Hours of rain . . . 45.4	Torquay . . ins. 3.25
Wet days . . . 15	Newcastle . ins. 2.31
Dry days . . . 13	Cardiff . . ins. 4.73
Warmest day . . 25th	Fort William ins. 10.81
Coldest day . . 7th	Dublin . . ins. 1.34

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



#### Gathered by

There are now over fifty thousand Chinese in Canada.

According to the latest census the population of Belgium is 7,458,903.

There are still 2,850,000 British war and victory medals to be distributed.

An aerial ABC time-table has now been published, much on the lines of the Railway ABC.

A dustman has just given his life-savings, amounting to £50, to the Church Army.

#### A Dangerous Badger

A badger shot by a farmer in Merionethshire is said to have killed and carried away ten small lambs.

#### Boy's Curious Mistake

The fire brigade of an American city was called out through a boy trying to post a letter in a fire alarm.

#### Meat from the Argentine Once More

For the first time since 1914 a cargo of chilled meat has been received in Newcastle from the River Plate.

#### Eggs Without Care

One American express company has been paying over £12,000 per month in claims for eggs damaged in transit.

#### A Tall Girl

Kathleen Clarke, who lives at Fairford, Gloucestershire, though only 14 years old is six feet high and weighs 15 stone.

#### Geologist's Lucky Find

While on a geological excursion at Culloden Moor an Inverness headmaster has discovered two rich seams of manganese ore.

#### Fish from an Oil Well

An oil well in California recently delivered a quantity of fish. They were small specimens and evidently came from some subterranean stream.

#### Millions of Travellers

Last year the London underground railways and the tramways carried 1,293,500,000 passengers, of whom more than 81,000,000 were workmen.

#### A Man's Food for a Year

The United States Department of Labour statistics show that the average American eats 266½ pounds of food a year, or nearly a ton and a quarter.

#### Shower of Spiders

After a recent snowstorm on the Dauphine Alps, spiders, ants, and caterpillars, probably blown from Africa, were found mingled with the snow.

#### 1700 Miles of Cotton in One Tyre

Over nine million feet of cotton fibre is used in making even the smallest size of motor tyre. This is 1700 miles of fibre made up of pieces an inch or two in length.

#### Frenchmen Flocking to the Towns

The new census figures show that only 15 millions out of the 37 million inhabitants of France now live on the land. In 1896 the land had 23 millions out of 38 million people.

#### No More Hooting for Friends

The practice of sounding a motor-horn outside a house to summon a friend is forbidden in New York, and any infraction of the law results in a fine of a sovereign.

#### Fined a Hundred Scots Marks

An old-time penalty was imposed on a witness who failed to appear at Aberdeen Sheriff Court. He was fined a hundred Scots marks, a sum which is now equal to £5 13s. 1d.

#### Open-air School

At the Malvern Open-Air school, for ailing children a girl gained 23 pounds in weight in three months, and a boy nearly 17 pounds. Excellent reports of the health of the children come from the school.

#### Cripple Boy's Brave Act

George Simmonds, a Longton boy, has been given the bronze medal of the R.S.P.C.A. for bravery in descending a disused pit into which a dog had fallen. Although a cripple, Simmonds was lowered many feet by a rope, and found the dog with two legs broken and, unfortunately, in such pain that it had to be destroyed.

## WORLD'S TALLEST CHIMNEY IN RUINS

### Fall of the Glasgow Stalk

#### DISAPPEARANCE OF A WELL-KNOWN LANDMARK

The world's tallest chimney is now a mass of ruins.

The famous Tennants' Stalk, as the chimney was called, was built at Glasgow in 1842 by Mr. Asquith's father-in-law for his great chemical works, and reached a height of 436 feet, or about forty feet higher than the cross of St. Paul's. It was the tallest chimney in the world, but, as the base had become unsafe, it was recently decided to take it down.

The chimney was surrounded by buildings, and so could not be felled in the ordinary way, and it had, therefore, to be taken down brick by brick by steeplejacks.

Already over 340 feet had been removed in this way when suddenly the remainder of the chimney collapsed, and eight men were more or less buried in the ruins.

To make the work of demolition safer iron bands had been placed round the shaft, and one of these, about fifty feet from the ground, was seen to burst. In a moment the whole of the brickwork buckled outward and fell in lumps.

Four of the men were killed and two seriously injured, but fortunately there were no people working at the time in some sheds underneath that were completely wrecked by the chimney.

At the moment of the disaster the steeplejacks were descending the ladder to go home. Another five minutes and they would probably have been safely out of danger.

## AFTER MANY DAYS

### 1880 Advertisement Answered in 1922

In 1851 or 1852 a man named Ben Boyd was killed on one of the South Sea Islands. In 1880 a firm of solicitors put an advertisement in The Times inviting his next-of-kin to apply to them. In January this year, nearly half a century after, the solicitors received a reply to it.

How the woman who replied happened to see the 1880 advertisement is not stated. Perhaps she was turning out cupboards filled with old newspapers and chanced to look at the "personal" column of one of them. Perhaps she came across the statement about the relative in a piece of newspaper wrapped round something that had been put away for many years.

Her experience shows that we never know where fortune may be lying in wait for us. However small Mr. Ben Boyd's property may have been when he was killed 70 years ago, it must have accumulated at compound interest to quite a considerable sum by now.

## SEA-AIR FOR OFFICES

### How City Conditions Can Be Improved

In a very tall new building which is being put up for offices on the north side of London Bridge no air need be breathed by the occupants save air that has been chemically cleaned.

In the basement is installed machinery for this purpose. From the dome at the top of the building air is pumped down to the basement and treated with ozone. Thus it acquires some of the properties that make sea-air so healthful.

It is pumped then through every room in the building as a precaution against colds, influenza, and other ailments. Harmful germs will flee before it or have their effect neutralised.

With a window open at the top to allow the air which has been breathed to escape, and with a constant flow of pure air, the risk of illness should be very much diminished.



## THE RADIUM SUPPLY INCREASING QUANTITIES OF IT

How it is Helping Science to  
Solve Many Problems

### THE COLORADO MINES

By a Scientific Expert

Enormous numbers of watch dials are made luminous in the dark by luminous paint prepared with radium. Aeroplane compasses, speedometers, gun sights, the buttons of electric bells, sign-boards for mines, and so on, are all being luminised in such ever-growing quantities that the fear has been expressed that such large quantities of radium are being used for these purposes that not enough may be available for medical treatment.

This, happily, is not the case. More radium is now being manufactured every year than what was imagined a few years ago to be the entire world-supply.

A whole series of radium mines is being worked in the Paradise Valley in Colorado, and special railways have been laid down for transporting the ore to a central "dump."

### Ten Million Luminous Watches

Radium by aeroplane is, indeed, a modern romance, but this means of transit is today being organised for carrying the most precious of all substances across the mountains enclosing the Paradise Valley.

Pure radium today is worth £35,000 a gramme, a gramme being just over fifteen grains, and 35 grammes are being produced every year from the carnotite in Colorado. This amount would be enough to luminise the numerals and dials of ten million watches or compasses.

Many grammes of radium were bought by the Government during the war for luminising gun sights, rifle sights, aeroplane dials, and so on. When the war ended a lot of radium was left on hand, and this has been all lumped together, so to speak, and placed in a special piece of apparatus in London, so that it may be loaned to British hospitals for curative treatment. The lead safe in which this radium is kept—to prevent its incessant stream of rays from harming those in charge of it—weighs over two tons. Wonderful cures are hoped for from this immense store of radium.

### Power of the Atom

Apart from its uses in medicine and for the manufacture of luminous paint, radium has within the last two years enabled us to probe into some of the innermost secrets of Nature, to discover that everything in the world is composed of electricity, of negatively-charged electrons travelling in tiny orbits round a central charge of positive electricity.

The dream of the modern scientist is to find some means of releasing the enormous power contained in the atom; if this can be done the world will have undreamed-of power, which will mean undreamed-of wealth and prosperity.

The key to this problem is radium, and the whole world is waiting with deepest interest for the results of the wonderful experiments that are being quietly carried on in our laboratories. As C.N. readers know, however, a great authority, Sir Ernest Rutherford of Cambridge, is not very hopeful.

### In the Auction Rooms

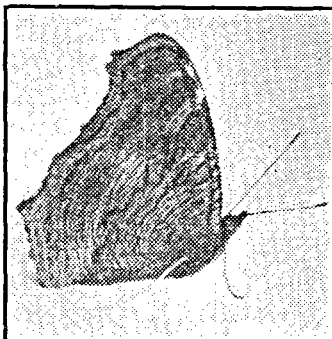
The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A 13th-century Book of Hours . . .	£1600
Set of 13th-century English tiles . . .	£1420
A George I silver tea-kettle . . .	£683
A Cromwellian silver porringer . . .	£358
A George I silver coffee-pot . . .	£280
A George II silver cake-basket . . .	£158
A Sheraton bookcase . . .	£76
George II's gold snuff-box . . .	£41

## SURE SIGNS OF COMING SPRING



Large white butterfly



Peacock butterfly



Red admiral butterfly



Bluebells in blossom



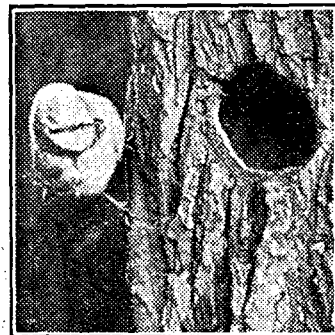
A clump of primroses



Gathering primroses on a bank



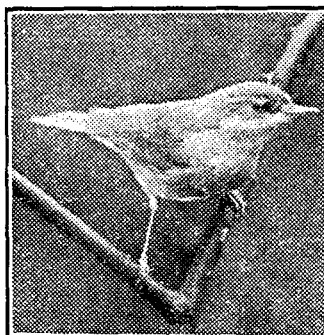
Taking violets to market



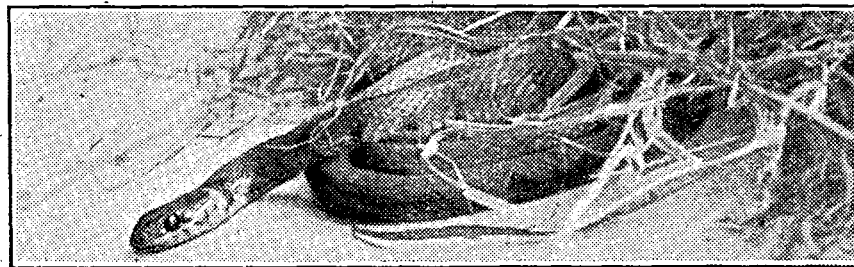
A blue tit and its home



A song thrush



The chaffinch arrives



The grass snake wakes up and comes-out in the sun



Long-tailed tit's nest



Hedge sparrow's nest



Robin's nest

Signs of Spring are to be seen on every hand. Flowers are blossoming in increasing numbers, birds are nesting or seeking out sites for their homes, and creatures that slept through the winter are waking up and coming out in the sun. In these pictures we see some of the sure signs of coming Spring. See page nine

## DR. HU

### RISE OF A CHINESE BOY

The Great Work that is  
Always Going On

### HELPING CHINA TO HELP ITSELF

One of the most encouraging features of our day is the spread of Christianity in the East through the work of educated native doctors. Thus there are 44 Chinese and Indian doctors working in connection with the London Missionary Society.

A sketch of the career of one of these doctors appears in the Society's Chronicle, and ought to be known everywhere because it is a fine, stirring story, and because it will give those who read it a clear and hopeful view of how Christian education is helping lands that not long ago were far removed from the good influences that are the hope of all mankind.

### Errand Boy Becomes a Doctor

In a village outside the big city of Hankow, on the great, muddy river Yang-tse-Kiang, a lad named Hu Kia Hsing was born of very poor parents. So poor were they that the little fellow could be afforded scarcely any education, and he spent his time in running errands and minding the village cattle as they grazed. What hope was there for a lad so poor? Yet he is now one of the best-known doctors in Central China.

And this is how that astonishing progress was made. An uncle of little Kia Hsing, who had been a soldier at the time when General Gordon became famous as "Chinese Gordon" for his success in repressing a great rebellion, found work as a cook at the Mission Hospital in Hankow, and, bethinking himself of his nephew, brought him into the city as a kitchen boy.

### Always Learning

There the missionary doctor noticed him as a particularly bright lad, and suggested to Uncle Wang that it might be well if his nephew went into the wards to help the nurses. In this way Kia Hsing got his second advance in life; and so well did he use his opportunities that he soon gained a good deal of nursing skill.

In 1902 the hospital had become so important that a medical college was started in connection with it, and, though the young ward-attendant had had so little early education, he was included in the first batch of students, for he already had a good deal of practical experience of sickness, and everyone knew him as a steady plodder always learning.

Seven years later he had taken his full medical qualifications and was Dr. Hu, one of the assistant surgeons in the hospital. In a few years he had distinguished himself as one of the most skilful of the operators, and was so kind that he won everybody's confidence and love.

### The Hope of China

When the European doctors were transferred from Hankow to the medical department of the University of Shantung, Dr. Hu was left in charge, and is still principal of the hospital.

Because the Mission had educated him he agreed to serve them at the hospital for five years. At the end of that time Dr. Hu's position was such that he might have become a popular and rich doctor on his own account; but he has resolved to serve the Mission for the rest of his days, not only as a doctor, but as a Christian teacher.

It is the work that has shaped the career of Dr. Hu, and is shaping many such careers in China, work sustained by the Missionary Societies of Great Britain and of the United States, that is the hope of China, a leaven influencing from within the future of the second most populous empire in the world.



## MYSTERIOUS CONE OF LIGHT

HAS THE EARTH A TAIL LIKE A COMET?

Strange Appearance in the Evening and Morning Sky

### WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE ZODIACAL LIGHT

By an Astronomical Correspondent

The idea that the earth has a tail like a comet is being revived by some American astronomers, who think that this is the explanation of the strange and mysterious cone of light that appears from time to time in the evening and the morning sky.

In some countries, like Mexico, observers see the light as bright as, or even brighter than, the Milky Way, but in northern lands, like Britain, it is more difficult to distinguish. In England, however, it can be seen occasionally, and during the next few weeks it should be watched for carefully on clear, moonless nights. Spring is always the best time in which to see it. It cannot be detected at all in full moonlight, but when there is little or no moon it is sometimes remarkably plain. Country people have the best chance of seeing it, for the artificial light and haze of the city almost entirely obliterate it.

#### Dawn's Left Hand

The ancients knew the zodiacal light, and in the Koran it is called the False Aurora. The line in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, "Dreaming when Dawn's left hand was in the sky," is probably a picturesque and poetical reference to the zodiacal light. As compared with the Milky Way it is yellowish and sometimes reddish in appearance.

Scientists are by no means agreed as to the cause of this strange light. At one time it was supposed to be a kind of tail belonging to the earth, like the tail of a comet, but this idea was given up in favour of the theory that it was caused by the reflection of sunlight from masses of meteoric matter moving in orbits nearly parallel with that of the earth. Professor Poynting believed it was the dust of long-dead comets. Another astronomer spoke of the zodiacal light as sunlight reflected from countless moons, each less than the size of a marble.

#### Earth's Luminous Envelope

Now, however, the tail theory is being revived. The light has been carefully studied in Egypt, India, and Arizona, and it is suggested that the two lightest gases, hydrogen and helium, are driven away from the earth by a repelling force from the sun or by the sun's light-pressure exerted during its radiation into space.

Another explanation of the tail theory is now being advanced. The earth is said to be surrounded by a feebly-luminous envelope, the luminosity being due to some unknown solar action, and the envelope is drawn out to form a tail corresponding with that of a comet.

#### Atmosphere 600,000 Miles High

Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory in America, believes that the existence of this tail is caused by a concentration of the sun's light by refraction—that is, that the earth's atmosphere acts as a spherical lens and bends the light round. It is thought that possibly the earth's atmosphere, instead of extending only a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles up, really extends in an inconceivably thin state to the limits of the earth's gravitation power, or about 600,000 miles.

It is clear from these various theories, all of which are held by some scientists today, that nothing definite is known as to the cause of the zodiacal light, but we can all look out for it during the next few weeks, and we may be fortunate enough to see it.

Picture in next column

## QUEER CREATURE IN A LAKE

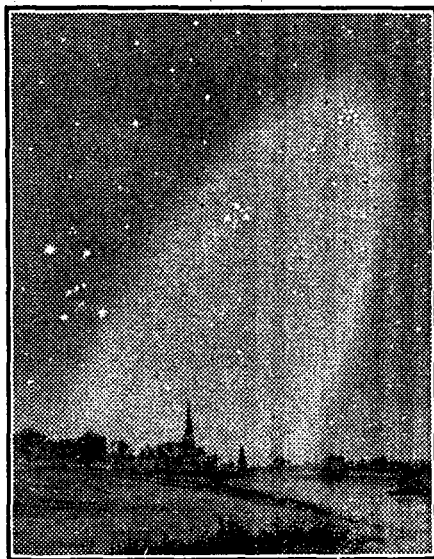
Amazing Story From the Andes

### WHAT AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER SAW

That the pleiosaurus, a prehistoric monster familiar to students of bygone ages, should be found alive today seems scarcely credible. It belonged to a period in which the world was utterly different geologically and climatically; nowhere are conditions the same as they were then.

However, an Englishman travelling in the South American Andes has reported that he saw in a lake a huge creature, with a body like a crocodile's and a very long neck like a swan's; and Professor Orelli, the Director of the Buenos Aires Zoological Gardens, is urging the Government of the Argentine Republic to send an expedition to this lake to try to capture the animal.

The Englishman says he saw the grass flattened down as if some immense beast had passed over it. He followed the trail, which led to the lake, and there saw the strange amphibian, which can walk on land or live in the water.



The Zodiacal Light. See next column

## A PERILOUS JOURNEY

### Girl Students Have a Narrow Escape

Four girl undergraduates of Durham University showed both courage and coolness when they were upset in a boat on the River Wear, which runs through the ancient city.

They had gone out for a row before breakfast. The wind turned their boat over, and the stream took it over a weir. The girls managed to get hold of the boat as it went swirling down the swollen river, and they clung to it as the best hope of safety.

Another woman student, who was walking on the bank, saw their danger and pluckily jumped in to try to help them. She could do nothing, however, to stop the boat, and it carried the four along until it reached another weir, where it stuck in mid-stream.

Here men waded in and rescued the girls, telling them that their own good sense had saved their lives.

### ANY COMPLAINTS?

#### Railway Passengers Asked for Suggestions

The London Underground Railways, that have done so much by their clever posters to add to the charm of their stations and to entertain their passengers, are now putting up blank sheets on which they invite people to write any suggestions or complaints they may care to make.

If these are sensibly used they may be useful. If the funny man insists on scrawling nonsense over them they will soon be discontinued.

## DONOTWASTEWORDS

THE KING WHO ALWAYS CARRIED A NUT

Chief Scout Tells About the Wise Owl

KEEP YOUR EYES WIDE OPEN

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

Some boys and girls are rather fond of asking silly questions. Before speaking you should think first if what you are going to say is really necessary, and if it is not do not waste words or other people's attention on it.

In the expedition to Ashanti on the Gold Coast, West Africa, when we captured the King Prempeh, he was carrying in his mouth a kind of nut which looked like a big, fat cigar. We found that he did this to prevent himself talking too much.

#### Taking Time to Think

If he felt inclined to make some meaningless remark, or in the heat of argument to let out a hasty opinion, he could not do so without first having to take this impediment out of his mouth, and that gave him time to think twice about what he was going to say.

I often think it would be a good thing if every nasty-tempered person had to carry such a nut in his mouth, so that when he wanted suddenly to give out a volley of abuse it would give him time to think and stop it.

You have, perhaps, heard of the poem which tells of

A wise old owl who  
Sat on an oak,  
The more he thought  
The less he spoke;  
The less he spoke  
The more he heard—  
I wish some folk  
Were like that bird.

Well, a good Scout is very much like that wise owl: he watches and notices and learns, and thinks things out before he asks questions or shows his ignorance by silly chatter.

Then if you are always using your tongue you forget to use your eyes, and to be a good tracker or Scout you must be in the habit of noticing little things, and then you must be able to remember them.

When I was the age of a Wolf Cub I used to notice the number on the collar of every policeman I met, and then remember where I had seen him. Then I used to get a friend to come for a walk to one of the points where a policeman was on duty. A policeman on point duty is one who remains always about the same spot for regulating the traffic, and so on—not like the policeman on "beat," who moves about over a certain district of his own.

#### A Boy's Long Sight

When we were in sight of the policeman, but a good way off, I would shade my eyes and stare hard in his direction, and gradually spell out his number and the letter of his division. Then we would walk past him, and my companion would think that my marvellous eyesight had read them correctly.

I used to keep a little note-book and draw in it pictures of all the weathercocks I saw. Very few people look up and notice these.

On the top of the Royal Exchange in London there is a huge golden grasshopper as weathercock. Thousands of people pass it every day, yet very few ever notice it. They don't keep their eyes about them as a good Scout or Guide does.

## WONDER OF THE POST

HOW FOREIGN LETTERS ARE PAID FOR

All the World in Friendly Agreement

### TRIUMPH OF GOODWILL AND COMMON SENSE

By Our Commercial Correspondent

If a citizen of the Middle Ages had seen a man produce a brilliant light in an empty glass globe by pressing a button he would have declared it to be a miracle, and the miracle-worker would probably have been burned as a wizard.

But this miracle is now performed every night by millions of people, and few think it wonderful any more.

One of the things we are tempted not to wonder about is the Post. We are so accustomed to the regular postal service that we rarely trouble to think how it is done. There is one aspect of the post in particular that is worth attention, and that is the overseas post.

#### A Trade in Letters

The foreign and colonial, or overseas, post is really a trade in letters.

We sell our letters to foreign countries, and foreign countries sell their letters to us. How, then, is payment made?

The whole business of the exchange of letters between countries is governed by an industrial body known as the International Postal Union. All the Governments of the world, however they differ about some things, have agreed on this.

It was as long ago as 1863 that the chief countries met in congress at Paris to endeavour to arrange postal exchanges. This congress led in 1874 to a treaty being made at Berne, in Switzerland, by twenty-two nations. The Postal Union was thus founded, and since then all other countries have joined the Union for the good of the world. International Postal Congresses are now held every five years to keep things up to date.

#### For the Good of All

Each nation agrees to receive, to sort, to transport within its own territory, and finally to deliver to the address on its envelope, any letter sent to it by any other country; and to do this without making any charge to the addressee. It pays itself out of the postage stamps bought by its own citizens who send letters abroad.

This is very curious if you think it over. An Englishman sends a letter to France. Part of the cost of carriage from the pillar-box in, say, London to the addressee's house in, say, Paris is borne by England and part by France. But the whole payment is taken by England. Similarly, when a Frenchman sends a letter to England, the whole payment is taken by France.

It is agreed between the nations that no postal accounts are to be rendered between them and no balance struck. If England sends more letters to France than France does to England, she gets more of the payment while doing less of the work, but that is not troubled about. It is recognised by the Postal Union that it is all for the good of the world and for each citizen that postal facilities be untrammelled and cheap.

#### Object Lesson for the Nations

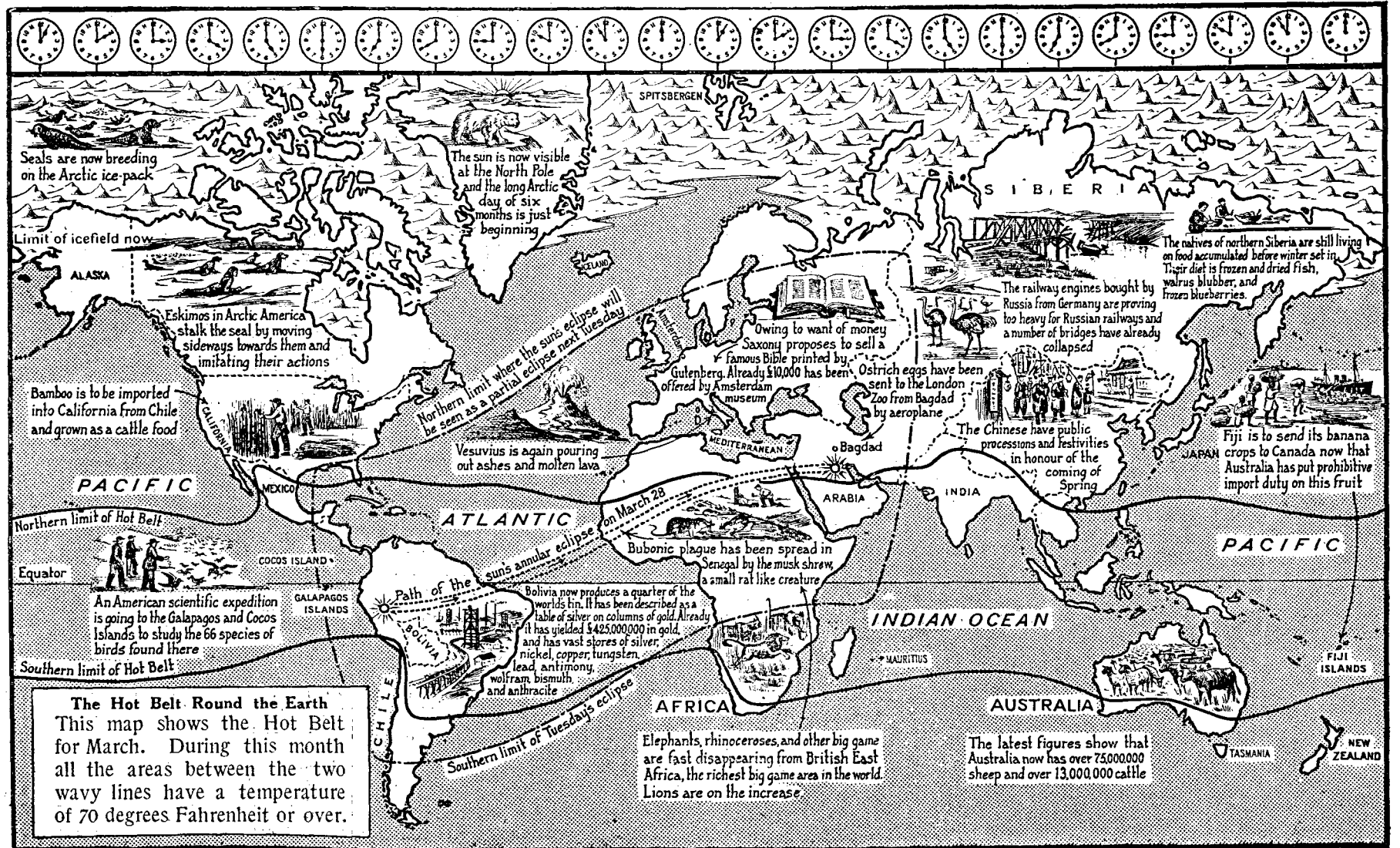
We have, let us say, a friend in Leopoldina, Brazil, and we desire to communicate with him. We take a pen and make a little scratching of words on the envelope of our letter. We go to the post office, buy a stamp for threepence, and stick it on the envelope.

We post the letter in the full assurance that our small missive will be taken faithfully across the ocean, landed at Rio Janeiro, and mailed up country to its destination without further charge or trouble to us or to our correspondent. This for the small sum of threepence. Equally, a Brazilian can buy a stamp for the Brazilian equivalent of threepence, and be quite sure that the stamp will see his letter through to England.

It is an object lesson in what nations can do by agreement.



# PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING THE PATH OF NEXT TUESDAY'S ECLIPSE



## CHURCHYARD YAWNS

### Strange Event in Derbyshire

There is a well-known line in Hamlet : 'Tis now the very witching hour of night When churchyards yawn.

But until the other day no one had ever seen a churchyard yawn.

It happened at a place called Middleton, near Matlock, in Derbyshire. Underneath the churchyard run mine-shafts long ago disused, and, without any warning, a large part of it suddenly fell in. What was before level ground has become a huge pit. The subsidence is attributed to continuous wet weather.

The shaft that caused the ground to fall in was not made for coal-mining but for extracting lead. This was once a flourishing industry in Derbyshire, especially in the district round the Peak, where there are thousands of such shafts running underground in all directions.

People who live over them are beginning to feel nervous after the misfortune to Middleton Churchyard.

## DOG CURES DUMBNESS

### Wife Hears Her Husband's Voice for the First Time

At Stony Stratford, in Buckinghamshire, lives a man named Holman who lost both sight and hearing through the effects of poison gas in the war.

For some time he has been able to see, but he still could not speak until a few days ago, when he suddenly called out to his dog, which had jumped up nervously and was growling at some sound, "Lie down."

The sound of his own voice astonished him as much as it delighted his wife, who had never heard it before.

It also surprised the dog, who was, furthermore, unable to understand why his master and mistress made so much fuss of him. He did not understand the part he had taken in curing the dumb man of the affliction from which he had suffered for three and a half years.

## WANDERINGS OF A BIBLE

### Boer Owner Found by the C.N.

On December 24 we mentioned that a Rotherhithe reader of the C.N. wished to return a Boer Bible to its owner in the Orange Free State. He had bought the Bible with other books. It had evidently been brought to England by a soldier, and family entries of names showed the owner to be Mrs. Venter, once of Ficksburg, Orange Free State.

We asked our South African readers to help to find Mrs. Venter, and they have done so.

The postmaster of Fouriesburg, in the Orange Free State, who bears the historic name of Cronjé, writes to us on behalf of Mrs. Venter, the original owner of the Bible, and asks us to convey her thanks to our considerate Rotherhithe reader, and to offer to pay all expenses for the return of the book, either to her at Farm Hesbon, Fouriesburg, or to him at the post office, Fouriesburg.

Mrs. Venter sends details that show her identity with the girl who received the Bible from her grandfather, as stated in our paragraph. She says that before she went into one of the Refuge Camps, during the Boer War, she buried the Bible, together with other books, in a box; but on her return after the war found, to her great grief, that the box had been taken away.

We are sure our readers will join us in congratulations to Mrs. Venter, our Rotherhithe reader, and to Postmaster Cronjé for this happy ending of the curious wanderings of this family Bible.

### Pronunciations in this Paper

Athene . . . . .	Ath-e-ne
Brontë . . . . .	Bron-tay
Laplace . . . . .	Lah-plahss
Parthenon . . . . .	Par-the-non
Phidias . . . . .	Fid-e-ass
Poseidon . . . . .	Po-si-don
Rubaiyat . . . . .	Ru-bi-yaht
Zodiacal . . . . .	Zo-di-ak-al

## LIFE-SAVER OF FOUR

### Little Girl's Presence of Mind

Most children of four would be so scared by an outbreak of fire in a room that they would not know what to do.

Little Biddy Freeman, who lives in a big block of dwellings in the Blackfriars Road, South London, is such a capital nurse to her little brother that she has learned resourcefulness and a sense of responsibility.

They were together in the kitchen when something caught fire, and the room was quickly filled with smoke. She had to make up her mind at once what to do. Pushing her brother, who is two, into the bedroom, she shut the door and so saved his life as well as her own.

When the firemen came they found the two little ones in a corner, clinging together, very much frightened, but none the worse otherwise. Biddy's mother is very proud of her sensible, plucky daughter.

## FRUIT BY AIR

### Daily Supplies from the Channel Island Orchards

It may be possible before long for fruit gathered early in the morning by Guernsey growers to be eaten in London in the middle of the day.

There is a scheme afoot for a daily air service between the Channel Islands and London. Big machines would be used that would make the double journey in the morning and again in the afternoon, carrying ten hundred-weights of produce.

In the spring there would be early vegetables and flowers. In the early summer there would be strawberries, raspberries, and other fruit, especially the more expensive kinds. The time taken on the journey would be reduced from ten hours to about two.

## FIFTY MILLION POUND FAMILY

### The Rothschilds Gather from Many Lands

The Rothschild family has for more than a century been reputed the richest family in the world.

There are branches of its money-lending business in England, France, Germany, Austria, and the United States. The Rothschilds lend money on a vast scale to kings, to States, to those who are carrying out vast enterprises, such as continental railways, new harbours, new countries even.

Between them the various branches of the family are said to be worth £50,000,000; therefore the dinner-party given at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, in Germany to celebrate the 90th birthday of Baroness Mathilde von Rothschild is supposed to have been attended by more owners of great wealth than ever gathered together before.

Compared with the Rothschilds, the Willises, of Bristol, the tobacco family, have only just begun to accumulate riches. Yet they are creeping up. Sir Edward Willis, who died recently, left about £1,000,000. Not long ago Mr. H. O. Willis left over £5,000,000, while Sir F. Willis, with £2,916,000, Sir E. P. Willis, with £2,580,000, and another member, Lord Winterstoke, with £2,463,000, kept up a considerable average.

## MOSQUE IN PARIS

### Centre for 25 Million French Moslems

A mosque has just been begun in Paris for the benefit of Moslems staying in that city. It will also be a Mohammedan institute, and will become a social and religious centre for all Moslems living under the French flag. These number 25 millions, as against rather more than three times that number under the British flag.

London has no mosque, but there is one at Woking, in Surrey, a few miles from London.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 25 1922

## The Keen Edge

THERE is all the difference in the world between a sharp knife and a blunt one. They look like the same thing; but they are different. One is able to fulfil its purpose and the other is not.

A professor has lately been comparing the ancient Greeks with the average educated person of these days. He finds in this comparison a notable difference. He does not say that the Greeks were better people than we are, but he holds that they were keener, and had a sharper edge to their minds.

They were people, he tells us, who appreciated with a keener relish the "fine things of the world—sunrise and sea and stars, and the love of man for man, and strife, and the facing of evil for the sake of good." These things came to them with a keener edge. For them even the common things of life were not blunted. They were not dull. They shone with celestial fire; even the commonest things pierced deeply to the soul of the Greek.

We welcome the professor's statement for a particular reason. Our readers know that the inspiration of this newspaper is faith in the goodness of life. We believe that the universe is a glorious spectacle, that the Earth is an inexhaustible treasure house, that, however far adventurous man may push his little vessel of research, for ever and ever he will find himself in perilous, uncharted seas, moving toward enchanted coasts of unexplored wonderlands. This is our inspiration and the faith that makes our journalism a joy to us.

But we do not blame people who have no response to make to the beauty and mystery of life. We realise that their minds are blunted. We feel sorry for them. We wish we could save them from the burden of their dullness. But we do blame those who were responsible for their education, those who have blunted their minds. The natural purpose of the mind is to appreciate and enjoy, and the mind that is properly educated is never blunt.

Happily in these days education is sailing on a more reasonable course. Few children realise, perhaps, how thankful they should be for the teacher who makes education a pleasure to them—a collecting of knowledge much more entertaining than a collecting of shells or butterflies. There will be little excuse for the rising generation if it grows up with a blunt mind, a dull heart, and a listless attention.

To those who cannot enjoy life the best counsel that can be given is "sharpen your mind," and the best sharpener for a blunt mind is education. We must read, discuss, observe, reflect, and keep our minds bright.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the  
cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Parliament, Please Note

WHY do the rates go up? A C.N. reader whose rates have doubled has been finding out the reason why, and he finds that four shillings out of every five that he pays goes to unemployment, poor law, or lunacy.

Sixteen shillings in every pound on things like these in the Great Peace! In this case our reader's rates are ten pounds every month, and eight pounds in ten are taken from him because there is so much idleness and poverty and lunacy in the United Kingdom.

Is it not a terrible indictment of the efficiency of Parliament—so many idle with all the work that is waiting to be done; so many poor with all the profitable trade that is waiting to send the money circulating; so much lunacy, chiefly caused by drink and worry?

There has been a great deal of talk of a General Election. Whenever it comes we hope it will send to Westminster a Parliament that will not drive a citizen to wear himself out to earn money to throw away like this.

## Proverb of the Day



To One Who Waits for Opportunities Instead of Making Them

A Watched Pot is Long in Boiling

## Great Years

SOME years stand out boldly before the eyes of all who care to glance along the past, for they mark clear stages in our country's history. Such years were 1815, 1832, 1857, 1870, 1914, and 1918.

We should have given 1840, the year of the Penny Post; but 80 years after that splendid reform was grossly betrayed by a Postmaster-General.

One must stand a little way off in time to see which years are specially memorable. The year in history that was given, beyond all others, the name of Wonderful (1666) is now seen to be in the midst of the most shameful period in English history, when corruption had seated itself on the very throne, and when pious John Evelyn, whose diary gives the best picture of the period, began to hang his head in self-reproach as he remembered how he had hailed with joy the return of Charles the Second in 1660.

Here is a good subject a teacher suggests to us as a test for intelligence: "Which six years of the last sixty are the most memorable, and why?" Perhaps you would like to try it!

## A Word of Many Meanings

EVERYBODY knows that Government Departments are cut up because they are to be cut down. But few people in this busy age sit down to reflect on that useful little word of three letters and eighteen meanings.

It came into the English language early in the 13th century, ousting from general use the more awkward words for cutting which our ancestors got from the Celtic and Gaelic languages. That was its cut in. Today its final form is the cut-out of the petrol engine. Men cut a dash, cut it fine, cut it short, cut up rough, cut a caper, cut a loaf, cut at cards, cut up, cut down, cut out, cut on, cut in, and get cut to the heart. And babies all over the world are cutting their teeth.

Few words of three letters cut a finer figure in our lexicons.

A wag was once asked by the barber how he would have his hair cut. "If possible," said the wag, "in silence." The reply is considered cutting.

## Tip-Cat

WE have to go on our knees now, it is said, to get domestic work done for us. So do the people who do it.

SOME boys are colour blind. That is why they occasionally see red when they are in the blues.

A TOOTING resident has a hen that lays double-yolk eggs every other day. It would win the Egg Cup.

THE Government acts first, says Lord Haldane, and thinks second. But perhaps its second thoughts are best.

THE nation most likely to stop disarmament is procrastination.

WHAT the world wants is more vision and fewer nightmares.

A LADIES' paper thinks girls who play games have no time to powder their noses. We thought that was one of them.

## HOPE FOR INDIA

"For East is East, and West is West,"  
Yet, howsoever you thunder,  
In dear old Ireland north and south  
Are no more poles asunder.

## A Companion

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

LESSING

## Little Flock

By Harold Begbie

LIFE calls to you, blowing the trumpet  
That rings through the Kingdoms of God:

The soul can take wings to the mountain  
Or lie in the fen like a clod!

Think well of the choice that is set you;

Look round on the world for a clue.

Now, will you be one of the Many  
Or will you be one of the Few?

THE joy of all life is creation—

The making of better and best,  
The seeking of distant horizons,

The toil of the hazardous quest,  
But heroes alone can achieve it;

The cowards join pleasure's sad crew.

Say, will you be one of the Many  
Or will you be one of the Few?

Look round on the world. Ah, the legions

Of those who surrender and yield!

The multitude fleeing from struggle,

The hero alone in the field!

Yet to all in their youth came the question

Life asks in its glory of you:

Choose, will you be one of the Many  
Or will you be one of the Few?

## The Magic Plant

By a Man Who Loves a Garden

SHE was quite young, only five years of age, when she asked for a garden. A corner of a wide herbaceous border was given to her, and there she planted her seeds.

One day her mother said to her: "How would you like to have a peony in your garden?" The child was wild with excitement. A great crimson peony, how grand that would be!

The ugly root was planted, and in late Spring up came the magnificent plant. But, alas, there were no buds. The child, however, was too happy to notice this defect. Her mother said to her, "I'm not sure, darling, that it will have any flowers."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the child, "of course I never expected a flower!"

This simple humility so touched the mother's heart that she and the gardener entered into a conspiracy. One night they transplanted a peony in bud into the little girl's garden, and removed the plant which had given her so much pleasure.

The next day she came running to her mother. "What do you think?" she cried, trembling with excitement; "my peony is covered with buds!"

She never discovered the trick. But she knows all about it now, for when she was twelve years of age this little lover of beautiful flowers, who never said a cruel word and never did an unkind act, passed into the world of beautiful spirits.

You can imagine how often her parents think of that cry, "Oh, mother, of course I never expected a flower."



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW  
Where the old moons  
go to



## GLORY OF THE PARTHENON

### IS IT BEING SPOILED?

The World-Famous Columns on the Hill of Athens

### WHAT TO SEE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

A lively discussion is taking place in Greece, and among artists everywhere who go to Greece to see the ruins of one of the architectural wonders of the world, concerning the restoration of the Parthenon, the ancient temple crowning the Acropolis of Athens.

It is said that in the re-erection of the colonnades of the Parthenon missing blocks of marble are to be replaced with limestone and cement; and it is felt that if the Greek authorities should persist in this they will entirely spoil the beauty of what remains of this famous temple.

#### Where Paul Stood

For generations the ruins of the Parthenon have stood on the hill of Athens, where St. Paul must have looked up and seen these famous columns on that day when he spoke from Mars Hill. Part of the ruins—some of the best parts of them—are in the British Museum, where they are known as the Elgin Marbles because the Earl of Elgin saved them from destruction.

When the seventh Earl of Elgin went as British Ambassador to Turkey, in 1799, he took artists with him to make drawings and casts of sculptures in Greece, which was then under Turkish rule, so that the art world at home might have models to work upon.

But he found that the Turks in Athens were destroying the Parthenon and other noble buildings, firing at the sculptures, overthrowing and selling them piece by piece, breaking them up and using them as building-stone, even grinding them down to make lime; and so he obtained the Sultan's permission to bring some away bodily, that they might be saved for the world.

#### Art Treasures in the Sea

He brought the frieze of the Parthenon, among other things, and his work cost him over £70,000. Like Cleopatra's Needle, one shipload of them was wrecked and had to be recovered from the sea by divers. For a while he kept his treasure in his own house, which Byron made mock of as a "stone shop" and the

general mart

For all the mutilated blocks of art.

Afterwards the sculptures were housed in a shed, but finally Parliament paid £35,000 for the collection.

The C.N. readers who go to see the Elgin Marbles at Bloomsbury may like to know something of their meaning, and we have asked a well-known authority at the British Museum to describe them for us. Here are his notes.

By a British Museum Correspondent

The three main groups of statuary represent the chief scenes in the romance of the guardian goddess of Athens.

The first two groups comprise the figures of the gable-ends of the Parthenon, or pediments, as architects call them, the western group symbolising an early contest between the devotees of Athene and those of the sea-god, Poseidon. The sea-god is shown standing in the centre, a little toward the right, at the moment when, after calling forth from the bare rock of the Acropolis a salt pool, emblematic of the sea, he starts back in wonder at the creation of the olive tree which Athene has produced, in her turn, as a still more beneficial gift to the Greeks.

The scene represents, therefore, the victory of Athene over Poseidon, the remaining figures of the group being the spectators of this double miracle.

The subject of the sculptures at the eastern gable-end represents the so-

## TALKING TO FRIENDS IN MID-ATLANTIC

THE wireless telephone was, a very short time ago, a miracle. Today it is in practical use. Tomorrow it will be as much a part of the equipment of a business office as the ordinary telephone.

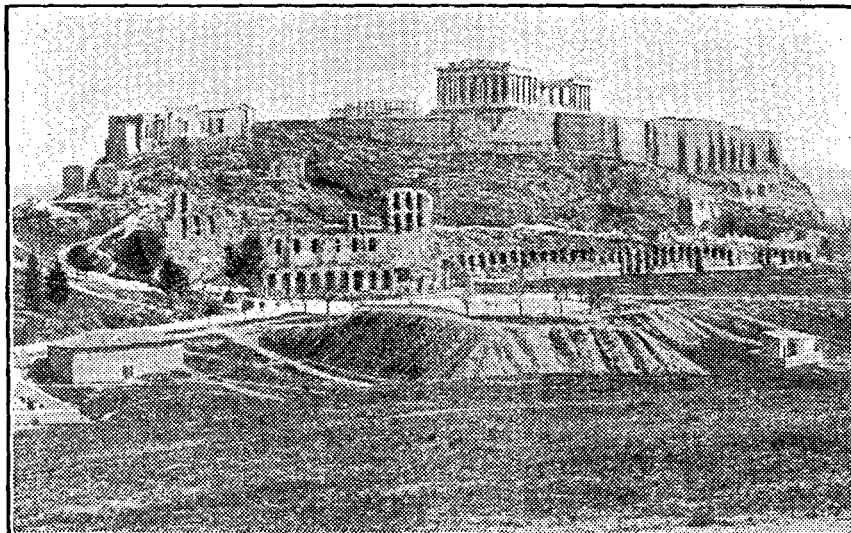
Recently the president of the American Telephone Company spoke from his house, sixty miles distant from New York, to people on board a ship 400 miles off New York Harbour. He could hear their voices and they could hear his perfectly well.

A correspondent of a New York newspaper who happened to be on board

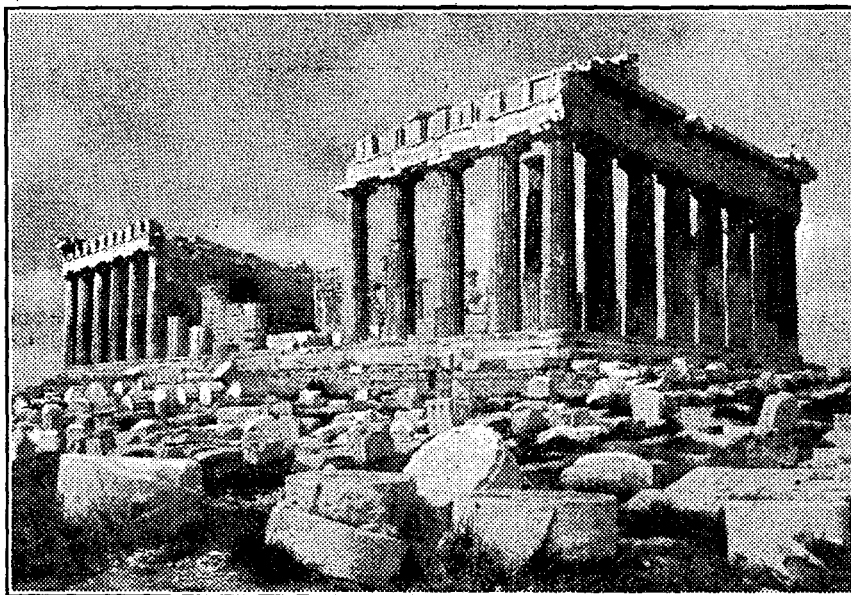
rang up his office, and dictated for publication an account of the unhappy experiences of some American soldiers who had been fighting for Spain against the Moors in Morocco.

As soon as other ocean liners are equipped with the wireless telephone business men will be able to keep in touch with their offices for some time after they have left and before they reach shore. The 400-mile limit is likely soon to be left behind. Thus another marvel of electricity is rapidly becoming an everyday convenience.

## THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE



The Acropolis at Athens as it appears today



A general view of the ruined Parthenon

A great discussion is now taking place as to whether the ruined Parthenon at Athens, the most glorious monument of ancient Greece, shall be restored. Some Greek authorities suggest that this should be done; but most people would prefer that the majestic ruins should remain as seen in these pictures. See next column

Continued from the previous column

called birth of Athene. The fire-god Vulcan, though a son of Zeus, the king of the gods, after a violent quarrel with his father, has seized his axe and cleft open the head of Zeus; but Zeus, being immortal, does not suffer. There springs from his brain, however, a diminutive figure, all-armed, like a winged Thought, the goddess of Wisdom, Athene.

At this great event the lovely beings on each side of the goddess successively start up amazed, and meanwhile, at the extreme left of the gable, the snorting coursers of the sun have sprung heavenward from the waves at daybreak, and as evening falls the moon-goddess's car sweeps down to the far horizon. This whole group is one superb scene of unsurpassed imaginative splendour.

The third group, comprising the frieze round the middle of the building, represents the double procession of All-Athens, which every-fourth year brought as a birthday gift to the oldest image of

Athene on the Acropolis a broad embroidered scarf or veil, woven by the noblest Athenian maidens. At the rearward end the young men of the Athenian cavalry are seen mounting their horses; in front of these the chariots, old men bearing olive branches, minstrels with pipe and lyre, sacrificial offerings and victims, and the maidens of Athene, with bowls and pitchers. In front of all are seen a priest and a boy, who fold the sacred veil, and a priestess accepting two seats from attendant maidens. To right and left the Olympic deities grace the festival by their visible presence.

Lastly, within the temple stood the colossal gold and ivory Athene of Phidias, which indirectly cost the life of its sculptor, and which disappeared in the fifth century, to be replaced by a statue of the Virgin Mary when the Parthenon became a Christian church; in which capacity it continued to be used till the capture of Athens by the Turks in the year 1456. Pictures on this page

## MOVING A MOUNTAIN

### BOLD FEAT OF AMERICAN ENGINEERS

How 3000 Workers Will Wash Out an Ancient Landmark

### CLEARING THE WAY FOR A BIG CITY TO GROW

The old saying that with faith it is possible to remove mountains is being proved true in America today, the mountain in this case being one of rock.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, which from its lovely situation is known as the Paradise City of South America, although it already has nearly a million and a quarter inhabitants, needs room for still further expansion.

But a mountain stands in the way. The Morro do Castello, that overlooks the wonderful Bay of Rio and covers an area at its base equal to a small town, forms an absolute bar to the extension of the city in that direction. The sides are far too steep to be built on, and, after much consideration, the authorities decided that the only possible hope for the city was to remove the mountain and build on its site.

#### Faith and Works

The Brazilians, however, had not enough faith to believe that they could move the obstacle. Not so the engineers of the United States, who have already performed so many wonderful feats. They examined the obstructing eminence, and decided that it could be shifted out of the way so as to allow the city to grow. An American firm of contractors undertook to do the work for two and a half million pounds.

Already the great task has begun. The most up-to-date devices and the finest machinery known to modern engineering science are to be utilised. Hard rock is to be blown away with blasting-powder, but, as most of the mountain is composed of comparatively soft and loose earth, the chief means used in its removal will be hydraulic pressure. In other words, most of the mountain will be washed away.

#### Building Up a New Shore

In such a gigantic task one of the main problems that has to be faced is where the removed matter shall be dumped. This has been solved, however, in a way satisfactory to Rio de Janeiro, for not only will the mountain be removed from the spot where it is a nuisance, but the material of which it is composed will be deposited at a certain part of the shore where the bay curves round, so as to extend the area of that shore, and thus add a little more land to the city and the country. A crescent-shaped breakwater will protect the newly-dumped area.

Three pumps driven by gasoline will draw water from the bay at the rate of seven thousand gallons a minute each, and by directing this at high pressure on the hill the material will be washed away to the place desired.

#### Thirty Million Gallons a Day

The work will go on continuously for the whole twenty-four hours of each day and for the 365 days of the year, so that the water used will be over thirty million gallons a day, or a total for the year of nearly 11,040 million gallons.

When the bulk of the mountain has been removed by this hydraulic means, steam shovels and automatic dump-cars will finish levelling the site.

The land thus made available for the spread of the city will be laid out in beautiful, tree-lined avenues, and seventy large blocks of modern buildings will be erected. The additional stretch of shore will be made into a park.

It is a great task, but the American engineers and their three thousand workmen will carry it to a triumphal conclusion. How astonished the old Portuguese builders of the original settlement of Rio would be could they see the modern city with one of its principal geographical landmarks removed!



## WATER RISING IN A TREE

### A Traveller's Surprise in Central Africa

#### SHOWER GIVEN OFF BY LEAVES

Suggested by the question How does water travel in a tree? we have received the following interesting communication from Captain Poulett-Weatherley, who has had exploration experience in Central Africa in association with the Royal Geographical Society.

In the Congo State, toward the end of the dry season, I had shot a hippo in the Lualaba River, and was following down the left bank in the hope of the carcase stranding on a sandbank or rising to the surface.

The country was grey with ashes, the trees charred and leafless from grass and forest fires caused by native hunters or the natives following the honey bee. There was not a breath of air, and the heat was well-nigh unbearable. I looked longingly for a square yard of shade where I could shelter from the pitiless rays of the sun.

Suddenly, ahead of me, about one hundred yards from the river, to my great astonishment I saw a gloriously green, shady tree, with immensely thick foliage—ample shade for myself and the ten or dozen "boys" I had out with me.

#### The Wet Grass

The grass under it was a couple of feet high and most refreshingly green. Both the grass and the ground on which it grew were sopping wet.

Taking off my hat, some drops fell on my heated head.

"It can't be raining," I said to my boys, and stepped out from under the shade; but the leaden blue sky was absolutely cloudless.

I went under the tree again, and, looking up, saw drops of water sparkling at the points of the big leaves, and then dropping—an incessant drip.

Then I realised that the tree, a kind hitherto unknown to me, was sucking up moisture through its roots, but whether water from the river or from a spring I cannot say.

My boys told me these trees were to be found here and there, but only near water. The diameter of the tree was 100 inches at four feet from the ground, and its height was about 20 feet.

## SCHOOLGIRL FARMER

### Remarkable Result of Energy and Enterprise

There is a high-school girl in the town of Amherst, not far from Boston, in the United States, who has become one of the most successful farmers of the neighbourhood.

When she was fifteen Elizabeth Farley thought she would like to keep a cow. Her father lent her £25 to buy one and to put up a shed.

She bought her cow, looked after it, and took the milk round in a little cart, selling it to the neighbours.

Soon she was able to buy another, and then her profits began to swell considerably. She put them all by instead of spending them, and bought more and more cows until she had ten. Still she fed them, milked them, and cleaned out their sheds herself, getting up between four and five to get done by the time she had to be in school.

Last year her father bought some good land and farm buildings, and Elizabeth has now twenty Jersey cows, pigs, and chickens, with two horses for farm work. All this she has built up upon her small beginning by her industry and thoroughness.

Her income was over £1000 last year, yet she is still at school, for she is sensible as well as enterprising, and knows that opportunities thrown away in youth cannot often be recovered. A big girl, five feet ten in height, she means to make dairy farming her career; certainly she has made a good start.

## CAN WE GET RID OF WAR?

### A SCHOOL DEBATE

#### The Point at which We Have Arrived in History

#### MANKIND ASHAMED OF ITS OLD GLORY

"Can we get rid of war?" was the question discussed at our last school debate. There were more speakers than usual, but nearly all the arguments were used in four of the speeches, by Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

**Smith:** War—that is, rivalry ending in violence—is seen in every form of life, in insects, fishes, land and sea animals, and in the whole story of man.

Where there is a community, as with bees and ants, the war is carried on through organised armies. Therefore may we not conclude that, however objectionable it may be, it is undoubtedly a natural occurrence?

#### Using the Land Aright

The presence of common needs has led tribes and nations to take possession of lands they can use better than the people who have them. Great continents, like America and Australia, would never have been used properly by their earliest inhabitants, and the coming of those who could use them better led inevitably to war.

So the Israelites left the wilderness for Canaan, and, according to the Bible, were Divinely ordered to take the land, and were blamed for not making war more thoroughly on the Canaanites.

Ambition, too, has led nations to conquer other nations, and, if we cannot excuse the aggression caused by ambition, can we blame those who by war defend their country, their belongings, and their lives?

#### Man Capable Of Better Things

Seeing that men individually quarrel and fight, and sometimes oppress one another in worse ways than fighting, how can we hope that wars will cease while human nature remains what it is and what it has always been?

We may well deplore war as a terrible evil and seek to avoid it, but we cannot hope to get rid of it.

**Brown:** It is true that war occurs naturally among the lower orders of creation, but man is marked off from the lower orders of creation by his higher powers of reason, which have raised him through wonderful stages of progress; and the question is not what has been done and is done by creatures of lower intelligence, or by men passing through lower stages of moral or religious development, but what man is capable of attaining as he grows wiser and better. Will he, in the near or distant future, get rid of war?

#### In Days of Old

In spite of the recent waging of the greatest war of all time, the progress of man's release from war is very encouraging. The farther we go back in his history the more fierce were his fighting instincts and the more frequently was he at war. In the distant past fighting was incessant, and it is still frequent among backward tribes. But that is no more a guide for us today than the imperfect religion of long ago is a guide now that we have a purer revelation.

In the past men gloried in war. Today they are ashamed of it.

**Jones:** We must agree with Brown in starting from the point in history at which we have arrived. People once were burned for thinking differently from other people, but it would be absurd to talk of that now as if it had not been left behind.

Looking at the world as it is now, is the desire for such a peace as will exclude war as widespread as we could wish? Is it not a fact that Great Britain and the American Republic are the only great countries that have shown an unhesitating willingness to make great

## KEEP YOUR HANDS WARM

### Warding Off the Germs of Influenza

#### LOSING AND GAINING HEAT

Everyone has been told of the dangers of cold feet. Long tradition has warned us that if our feet are cold we are likely to catch cold, and if we turn that expression round, and say that when the feet are cold the influenza germ is more likely to catch us, we should find that scientific opinion agreed.

It has been actually shown that if the vitality of a man or an animal is lowered by standing him in cold water, he is more susceptible to germs; and that fowls, for example, which generally are not susceptible to the germ of pneumonia, will become infected with it under these conditions.

Some explanation of the rather remarkable effect of cold feet, or hands, in lowering the temperature of the body is afforded by an investigation carried out by Dr. Hill, Dr. Argyll Campbell, and Miss Ash for the Medical Research Council. They have shown that if the hands are placed as far as the wrists in cold water at a temperature of 41 degrees to 50 degrees Fahrenheit the whole body loses as much heat as is ordinarily produced by it every minute while at rest.

Similarly, when the hands are immersed in water as hot as can be comfortably borne—say, 111 degrees Fahrenheit—the body gains per minute as much heat as it usually gives out.

The same thing would apply to the feet, except that as their area is larger the body would accordingly lose or gain more heat.

#### Continued from the previous column

and prompt sacrifices in the interests of peace? France is uneasy. And what do we know of the real mind of Germany? Russia keeps up the largest army in the world.

Then how can arrangements be made that will safeguard peace throughout the Mohammedan world—Turkey, India, Egypt, and the region where the Arabs have become conscious of the claims of their race?

And how can restraint be imposed on the uncivilised and semi-civilised races that now are everywhere in touch with the white trading nations? Granted that the best mind of the world wants peace, how can the backward peoples be controlled without preparations for their restraint—by war if need be?

#### The Wish for Peace

**Robinson:** The wish for peace is far more widespread than was suggested by the last speaker. As evidence of that we must remember the astonishing number of States that have sought membership of the League of Nations, their impelling motive being to find security against war. Many of these States—as, for instance, those of South and Central America—have been the readiest to take up arms in the past. It almost seems as if they wished to ensure themselves against their own weaknesses.

Probably it will be necessary to form an international police force for the preservation of universal peace, but the calling into action of such a force would be most unlikely. Think of the moral influence that would be behind a force organised to resist violence and controlled by the will of all the world except one or two disturbing States!

There has been much talk in recent years of solidarity—the union of classes to gain some class advantage—but why should there not be a solidarity of all for the world's greatest good—for peace?

Never has the possibility been so clear or the opportunity so near. The world is moving toward a united resistance against the diseases that ruin the health of nations, and it may at any time decide that war is the worst of those diseases.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### A FAMOUS FRENCH ASTRONOMER

#### Poor Boy Who Became a Marquis

#### LAPLACE EXPLAINS WHY THE PLANETS MOVE IN ORBITS

March 26. Beethoven died at Vienna . . . . . 1827  
27. John Bright died at Rochdale . . . . . 1889  
28. Laplace born at Beaumont-en-Auge . . . . . 1749  
29. Great Britain annexed the Punjab . . . . . 1849  
30. John Constable died in London . . . . . 1837  
31. Charlotte Brontë died at Haworth . . . . . 1855  
April 1. William Harvey born at Folkestone. 1578

Pierre Simon Laplace, who has been called the French Newton because he was a great mathematician and his mathematics and researches were used in the study of astronomy, was born on March 28, 1749.

He is an instance of a famous man who steadily succeeded throughout his whole life. His father was a poor man, working a little farm in Normandy.

The son died a marquis of France, honoured by all the learned societies of the world.

The secrets of his success were, first, that he had a genius for mathematics, and used his cleverness to explain some of the problems of the solar system that were then perplexing astronomers. And, next, he had a knack of being popular and keeping popular, whatever changes occurred in his country.

His mastery of mathematics came to him so naturally that he was teaching it in his teens, and by the time he was twenty-one he had attracted attention in Paris, and had gained an official position as a teacher there.

#### Book for Simple People

Astronomers had observed certain irregularities in the movements of the heavenly bodies, as, for instance, the moon, which they could not explain. Sometimes it was travelling faster than at other times, and they wondered why.

Laplace explained what he called the Mechanism of the Heavens, that is, how all the bodies in the solar system move in their orbits, sometimes nearer the centre round which they revolve, sometimes farther off, now more quickly, now more slowly, and why these variations occur.

His studies were expounded in two books, one difficult, for clever men who could understand his advanced mathematics, the other plain and clear and beautifully written for ordinary people. He was a great thinker who could put his thoughts into simple language.

#### Nebular Theory of the Universe

Not only did Laplace explain how the solar system works, but he suggested what is now called the nebular theory as to how the sun, the planets, and their moons were first formed—a theory that is now generally accepted. He did not, however, develop his suggestion, but just threw it out as a thought for others to develop.

Early in life Laplace was a strong revolutionary republican; but when Napoleon became emperor he became an Imperialist, and was given titles and position; and when Napoleon failed and was put aside Laplace became a Royalist, and was further honoured and made a marquis. But we pass by these inconsistent changes because of his great services to lasting knowledge.



Laplace



## SIGNS OF SPRING

### Last Year's Butterflies Wake Up

#### BIRDS EVERYWHERE PREPARING FOR HOUSEKEEPING

By Our Country Correspondent

Several readers have written to say that they have seen red admiral and other butterflies on the wing in their gardens.

Although the newly-hatched large tortoiseshell, peacock, and red admiral butterflies do not appear in the ordinary way until June or July, specimens of last year's insects that have hibernated in dark and sheltered places often wake up and come out on warm days. Then their appearance is duly recorded in the grown-up papers as a sign of early spring.

Of course it is nothing of the kind, for on any warm, sunny day they may wake up, and if they are hibernating indoors a fire lighted in a room that does not usually have one will stir up the sleeping insects.

Those now being seen are last year's butterflies.

More definite signs of spring are now evident in the singing of the birds and the blossoming of the flowers. We have been admiring the snowdrops and crocuses and daffodils and violets and primroses, and soon there will be a perfect flood of flowers.

Millions of violets are gathered in the woods at this season and are sent to the city markets, where they are tied into small bundles, and find a ready sale. Towns may be covered with houses for miles, but there is never any difficulty in obtaining flowers in the streets.

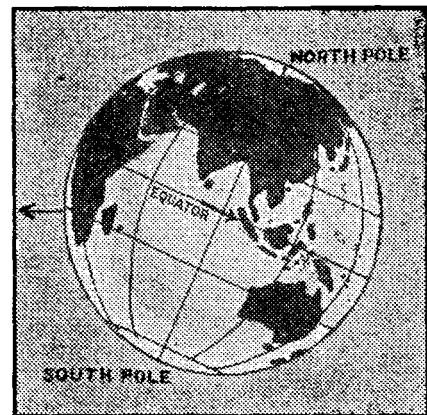
The birds have not been backward in letting us know that spring is knocking at the door. In addition to the more attractive songs there have been the cooing of the ring and stock doves, the screaming of the peacocks in parks and gardens, and the absurd strutting and gobbling of the turkey in the farmyard.

House pigeons and domestic geese and ducks have already hatched out their young, rooks and owls have laid their eggs, and magpies, jackdaws, and countless other birds are building their nests. Soon every hedgerow will be vocal with the twittering of young birds.

Beetles are on the wing, frogs are croaking, gossamer is floating, and wild geese and woodcock are flying away north—all sure signs of the coming of spring.

Pictures on page 3

## THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at 6 a.m. on any day in March as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

## Newspaper Notes and Queries

What does *Fidos inter amicos* mean? Faithful among friends.

What is an *Antithesis*? A contrast or opposition of words in the same sentence, thus: The good man loves his fellows; the selfish man loves himself.

What is *Carbide*? Carbide of calcium, a chemical compound of carbon and the metal calcium, that gives off acetylene gas when in contact with water. It is used for lighting bicycle and motor lamps, houses, and so on. It is an inorganic, or mineral, substance.

## BOYS FOR THE EMPIRE

### South Australia Asks for Young Settlers

#### BUILDING UP A NATION

The Australian Premier is already working hard to fill up that continent with British settlers on the lines recommended by Lord Northcliffe.

Mr. Barwell, head of the South Australian Government, has come to England to collect 6000 boys from fifteen to eighteen, who will be placed on farms and taught as apprentices until they are of age. Then they will, it is confidently expected, have no difficulty in finding good jobs for themselves.

During their apprenticeship the boys will get 4s. a week for pocket-money; the rest of their earnings will be paid into the South Australian State Treasury, and will accumulate there at 4½ per cent. interest until they are 21.

Thus they will have something with which to begin their independent lives, and if they keep on adding to it they will, in a few years' time, be able to buy small plots of land and to start farming on their own account.

Anyone who wishes for further information about South Australia, should write to Mr. Barwell's secretary, Langham Hotel, London, W.

## SCHOOL IN A FORT

### Peace Use for a War Building

Thirty years ago the War Office became nervous about the safety of London and began to build, at enormous expense, forts all round, twenty or thirty miles from the city.

The money spent on these erections has long ago been written off as wasted, and the forts have been put up for sale. One of them, near Guildford, has been given by the purchaser to the Surrey Education Committee to be used as a summer camp for school children.

This is an idea borrowed from Germany. In an old camp near Frankfurt-on-the-Main such a camp has been held with very great benefit.

The Surrey parents will pay ten shillings a week for each child sent to the camp. Forty or fifty will be there at a time, and they will do their lessons as often as possible out of doors.

## BAD FOR THE COO

### A Curious Railway Accident

When George Stephenson was being heckled by a Parliamentary Committee which doubted the possibility of railways, he was asked what would happen if a train ran into a cow. He replied grimly, in his Northern accent: "It would be bad for the coo."

It was bad for a number of "coos" that strayed on to the Great Northern line near Berwick and were run into by an express train that was travelling at nearly sixty miles an hour, and could not be pulled up in time to avoid them.

It was nearly bad for the passengers, too. The train might have been wrecked, but luckily only the engine and a few coaches ran off the rails, and no one was seriously hurt.

Picture on page 12

## BINDING THE C.N.

Readers' copies of the C.N. from March 1921 to March 1922 can now be bound at a charge of 7s. 6d. per volume. Copies should be sent, flat and carriage paid, to the C.N. Binding Department, 7, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., with postal order for 7s. 6d. made payable to the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., and crossed Bank of England, Law Courts Branch.

Any back numbers for completing volumes can be supplied by the Binding Department at a charge of 2d. each, and back numbers will also be sent to any address by post if an extra penny per copy is added for postage.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

### Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

What are the Roes in Herrings?

The hard roe of a herring, as of other fish, is a great mass of tiny eggs.

What is the Food of the Ostrich?

When at liberty ostriches are almost entirely vegetarians, but in captivity they will eat anything they can swallow.

Which is the Largest Snake?

The anaconda, a South American boa constrictor, is the giant of the tribe. It certainly measures 25 feet, and is said to attain as much as 33 feet.

Has Man Ever Been Known to Hibernate?

Never. Accident or attempts to win fame and wagers have led to men undergoing fasts of weeks, but hibernation means complete, trance-like insensibility.

Why Do Partridges Squat in Rings?

They nestle down, tails toward the centre, heads toward the open, in a ring, so that they may see or hear evidence of the approach of danger.

What is a Cuttlefish?

It is a creature with eight arms, each equipped with sucker-like discs, and with a parrot-like beak. Cuttlefish abound round the British Isles.

Where Do Leeches Come From?

Leeches are widely distributed, and an unhappy bathing experience reminds the writer that they may teem in British waters. Those used by doctors come mainly from France.

What is Catgut Made Of?

Catgut, which forms the strings of harp, violin, and other instruments, is made chiefly from the intestines of sheep, and, to a smaller extent, from those of the horse, ass, and mule, but never from the cat.

Why Do Some Cold-Blooded Animals Need Special Protection in Winter?

Lacking the protective covering and excellent circulation which keeps birds and mammals constantly warm, reptiles are hot or cold as the temperature of air or water varies, and so must be kept warm artificially in winter.

Do Monkeys Dream?

Probably all highly-organised animals with notable brain-development dream from time to time. Even birds are thought to dream. Any living creature that has imagination—and monkeys have this—may be expected to dream.

Can All Birds Sing?

Not all. Storks, for example, are mostly voiceless, for these birds lack vocal organs. The adjutants raise a bellowing sound in the nesting season, but most storks depend upon a snapping of the bill. Some vultures hiss.

Why Should Young Rudd Fear a Jack at First Sight?

The young fish knows its foes by instinct. Millions of years have gone to build up the sense of fear which causes the young to avoid the harmful. The instinct is not peculiar to fish: it runs through practically the whole animal family.

Is There Any Law as to the Colouration of Animals?

Dwellers in the desert or other open spaces when they are spotted have dark spots on a light ground, as in reptiles and leopards; dwellers in forests have light spots on a dark ground, as in various forest-haunting deer. All colours are related to surroundings.

How much do Caterpillars eat? Their appetites are truly amazing. Some eat twice their own weight of food every day, which is the same thing as if a man of thirteen stones were to eat over three hundredweights of meat every 24 hours, or fifteen pounds an hour. Many astonishing and interesting facts about caterpillars, together with pictures in colour of 118 British caterpillars, will be found in the C.N. monthly—My Magazine—for April, now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

## NEXT TUESDAY'S ECLIPSE

### THE SUN AS A RING OF LIGHT

#### Why the Eclipse is Only Partial in Great Britain

#### SHADOW CONE OF THE MOON

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On Tuesday next, March 28, the Moon will pass almost exactly between us and the Sun. The effect, as seen from Britain, will be that part of the Sun will be obscured, and what is called a partial solar eclipse will occur, beginning at nineteen minutes past one, and ending just after three o'clock in the afternoon, Greenwich time.

The Moon will soon be seen to begin to creep in between the Earth and Sun by a notch appearing at the lower edge of the Sun. This will extend upward toward the left until, by a quarter-past two, about a fifth part of the Sun will be obscured.

#### Moon Between the Earth and Sun

This is the greatest extent of the eclipse as seen from the south of England. Afterwards the Moon gradually passes off to the left. The farther north that this celestial event is observed the less of the Sun will appear to be eclipsed, until in the South of Scotland only a tenth part of it will be obliterated. It will, moreover, begin about 12 minutes later and end several minutes earlier than in the south.

The reason for this is the different line of perspective from which the phenomenon is viewed, the Moon, though invisible, being comparatively close to us. If one travels, say, 600 miles north of London, he will be able to see the whole of the Sun over the top of the Moon at the time of the eclipse.

If, on the other hand, an observer were to travel south of London he would find the Moon getting more and more in between him and the Sun, till by the time he had gone about 2500 miles he would find that the Moon crossed the centre of the Sun, and, at the middle of the eclipse, almost blotted him out.

#### Where the Eclipse will be Seen

Only a brilliant ring of light would be left surrounding the Moon, similar to what was seen in the north of Scotland in the eclipse of April 8 last year.

This is what is called an annular eclipse, from the Latin word *annulus*, meaning a ring. The Sun will appear thus, almost completely hidden, across the whole of North Africa, from Senegal and Gambia, over the Sahara and Upper Egypt to Arabia. It is unfortunate the Moon happens to be in apogee, or at her farthest from us, on March 25, when she will be 248,000 miles away; nearly as far, therefore, as when the eclipse occurs three days later. If our satellite had been in perigee, or at her nearest—about 220,000 miles away—she would have appeared about one-seventh larger, and so have covered the Sun entirely.

#### Shade 232,000 Miles Long

The Moon's shadow does not extend very far into space; it forms a cone of shade 232,000 miles long.

This explains how it is that when she is less than this distance from us we come within the point of the cone of shade, and along a narrow path on the Earth the Sun is completely hidden. When the Moon is farther from us than 232,000 miles, as in the present instance, the cone of shade ends 16,000 miles above the Earth, and so fails completely to hide the Sun, even for observers immediately under it.

It will be otherwise on September 21 next, when the Moon will be sufficiently near to cover the Sun totally. This will not be visible from Britain, but on the other side of the Earth, in Australia and the Indian Ocean. We must wait for five years, until 1927, before a total eclipse of the Sun will be visible from Britain. See *World Map*. G. F. M.



# MEN OF THE MIST

The Exciting Adventures of  
Two Boys Among the Indians

Told by T. C. Bridges,  
the C.N. Storyteller

## What Has Happened Before

Clem and Billy Ballard are sent to Wasperton School by their uncle, Robert Grimston. Their father, who has been unjustly imprisoned for theft, has escaped to Australia, and their mother is dead.

The two boys are walking one day near the edge of an old quarry when Billy slips over, but manages to cling to a ledge. His brother tries, without success, to pull him up, but an American named Bart Condon comes to the rescue and makes friends with them.

That evening the headmaster tells Clem and Billy that their uncle wishes them to leave school in the morning. He also gives them an envelope and instructs them to open it when they get to the station. It contains tickets to Liverpool, five pounds, and this typed message:

"Your passages are booked for New York on the 'Pocahontas,' sailing at four p.m. on Wednesday afternoon. You will be met at New York. The password for which you will be asked is Potlatch."

## CHAPTER 4

### A Good Start

THERE was no signature to the startling message, no address, no date. Clem and Billy stared at one another in mute amazement.

Suddenly Billy snatched off his cap, flung it in the air, and gave a whoop which made the solitary porter drop a large parcel he was carrying and turn quite pale.

"Hurray!" he shouted. "No more Uncle Grimston! No more Wasperton! Three cheers for America!"

Billy turned a beaming face on the man.

"I can't help it, porter. I'm not loony, only happy. So would you be if you'd just got away from a place like Wasperton."

The porter's expression changed and became quite sympathetic.

"Oh, you're from Wasperton, are you? Yes, I shouldn't wonder if you was glad to clear out." He paused. "I say, you bain't running away, be you?" he asked.

"No, indeed," replied Billy. "We're going to friends in America. See! Here are our tickets to Liverpool."

The porter inspected the tickets and nodded.

"They're all right. Now you'll go right through to Crewe and change there, and you'll get to Liverpool just after one o'clock. That'll give you plenty of time to get some dinner afore you goes aboard. Tell you what, I know the guard aboard this train. I'll tip him a word to look after you."

And when the time came he was as good as his word. It is quite safe to wager that two happier passengers than the young Ballards were not carried by any train in England that morning.

Billy was constantly sticking his head out of the window to admire one thing or another, but in between he and Clem talked things over again and again. But the more they discussed the matter the more puzzled they became.

The train pulled into the big junction at Crewe, and the kindly guard saw the boys and their box across into the other train, and shook hands with them and wished them luck. Then they were off again, the express racing north for Liverpool.

It seemed but a very short time before they reached the huge Lime Street Station, and there they stood on the platform, beside their box, waiting alone in the midst of hurrying crowds and feeling a little lonely.

"Is your name Ballard?" Clem glanced up quickly, to see a quietly dressed, middle-aged man, who looked like a lawyer, standing beside him.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "The word?"

For a moment Clem wondered

what was meant—but only for a moment.

"Potlatch," he answered. The other smiled slightly, and motioned to a porter to take the box. He led the way to a waiting taxi-cab and they drove off.

Billy was the first to speak. "Where are we going, sir?" he asked.

"To get some dinner," was the reply.

Something in his tone checked further questions, and presently the taxi pulled up at a small, quiet-looking hotel, and all three went into the coffee-room, where dinner was quickly set before them. It was a plain enough meal; but there was excellent roast beef with Yorkshire pudding and baked potatoes, and an apple-tart with custard.

To the boys, accustomed to the greasy, ill-cooked fare at Wasperton, it was delicious, and both had two hearty helpings of each course. Their new friend hardly spoke except to ask them about their journey, and somehow neither cared to question him. The minute the meal was over he got up and looked at his watch.

"Now we have some shopping to do," he said, "and as we have not much time we must hurry."

He walked them off briskly, and took them into a big department store, where he spoke to a shop-walker. They were at once taken to a lift and whirled to an upper floor, where they found themselves in the tailor's shop.

"I want two suits for each of these boys," said their guide—"one plain blue serge; the other of rough tweed, thick and warm."

He knew exactly what he wanted, and got it. Thence to another department, where he bought flannel shirts, underclothes, socks, collars, and ties. The third place they went to was the boot department, where each was provided with two pairs of new boots and a pair of slippers.

"Ten minutes to change," said their friend briefly. "Meantime, I will get you each a travelling bag, an overcoat, and a cap."

When Billy stood up in his new clothes and saw himself in the glass he shook his head.

"I don't know myself," he said slowly—"nor you either, Clem," he added. "I'm sure we shall wake up presently and find it's all a dream."

As he spoke the door opened and in came their lawyer-like friend.

"No," he said in his quiet voice; "it's real enough." He looked at them, and there was approval in his eyes. "You do me credit," he said briefly. "Your things are all packed. I will take you to the ship."

## CHAPTER 5

### The Big Britisher

ON the eighth morning after leaving England Clem and Billy came on deck, to see the huge statue of Liberty towering in front of them, and, beyond, the tremendous skyscrapers of New York outlined against a clear, blue sky. They had enjoyed every minute of the voyage, but they were still as much in the dark as ever as to where they were going.

On the pier they found, waiting for them, a man from one of the great travelling agencies.

He was an American, very brisk and cheerful. The Customs officials did not worry them much, and almost before they knew it they were driving through the roaring traffic of the capital of the New World to the great Erie station.

"It's a real shame that there ain't time to show you boys something of this little old town," said their guide, "but my directions are to ship you right through to Seattle quick as you can go."

"Where's Seattle?" inquired Billy.

"A long ways from here," replied the other, with a grin. "You've got

to go clean across from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that's a week in a train. Wal, here's the depot, and here's your tickets. Someone will meet you the other end."

"Who will meet us? Where are we going?" demanded Billy eagerly.

The guide looked at him oddly. "If you don't know I'm sure I don't," was all he said; and once more the boys found themselves starting off on a new journey without the faintest idea of their real destination.

Everything was new to them—the great steel carriages so immensely larger than English, the big day coach, and the "sleeper" with its chairs and tables. The clanging of the engine bell—the negro porters, the boys who brought round newspapers, books and candy.

Their tickets they found included sleeping accommodation, and the conductor had evidently been tipped to look after them. Whoever was paying for their journey was plainly not stinting money.

On the sixteenth day after leaving England they reached Seattle, where they were again met by an agent of the same travel company, and taken to a quiet little hotel where they were ordered to remain till called for. They stayed there a week, living well and enjoying themselves.

Then one evening they were just going to bed when there was a knock at their door and in walked a short, broadly-built man with very clear blue eyes. Clem, who was in the act of pulling his boots off, sat quite still and stared, but Billy leaped to his feet.

"Mr. Condon!" he cried, in utter amazement.

"Not mister—just Bart," was the quiet answer, as Bart Condon shook hands gravely, first with Clem, then Billy. He looked them over. "Well, to be sure, you have come on a whole lot. I reckon you're each seven or eight pound heavier than when I last saw you. You been weighed lately?"

"Weighed!" cried Billy. "We had something else to think of. How in the world did you come?"

"Steamboat and train—same as you," replied Bart calmly. "Well! well! I'm mighty glad you're both looking so spry. How do you like this town?"

"The town's all right," said Billy, "and we're all right. But it's you we want to hear about. Did you know we were coming here?"

The blue-eyed man's expression did not change. "Why, I won't go for to say I didn't," he replied. Clem stood up.

"Was it you who took us away from Wasperton?" he demanded. Bart shook his head.

"No, sonny, it warn't me. Now,

don't ask questions. You'll know in good time. But say, now, I reckon you'd better get right to bed. The steamer leaves at seven tomorrow morning. Now, good-night to ye. I'll see you're called good and early."

He was as good as his word, and early next morning he and the two boys left Seattle aboard a small coasting steamer called the "John P. Wilkes," and, working out of Elliot Bay, steamed across Puget Sound, and so out into the Pacific.

The boys were wild with excitement, for now, for the first time since leaving England, they began to feel that they were getting out of touch with civilisation.

Not that Bart told them a word of where they were bound. He would talk about anything else except that. It was their fellow passengers that made them feel it. They were nearly all men, and men of a sort whom Clem and Billy had never seen before.

There were Americans, English, Swedes, Norwegians, and a few French and Italians. There were also men whose dusky faces and sloe-black eyes showed that they had more than a touch of Indian blood in their veins.

Almost all these men were heavily muscled, deep-chested fellows, dressed in thick flannel shirts and jeans trousers, and wearing knee-boots and handkerchiefs knotted round their necks in place of collars.

"Gold-miners, I believe," whispered Billy to Clem. "I say, do you think we can be going to the diggings?"

"The ship is bound for Dyea, in Alaska," replied Clem. "The purser told me. I say, Billy, look at those two who have just passed up the deck."

They were worth watching, too, if only because they looked so rough and strange. One was a big man with tow-coloured hair, hard, pale-blue eyes, and a face that looked as if it were carved out of stone; his companion was smaller, with a swarthy skin, a thick black moustache curled at the ends, and hair black as jet and clustering in tight ringlets all over his head.

By degrees the mixed company settled down, and by evening everyone had found his place. The weather was very fine, and the ship ploughed steadily northward over a sea so calm that the brilliant stars were reflected in its placid surface. Supper over, Clem and Billy found the deck so crowded that they went aft and perched themselves on top of the emergency wheel-house.

All of a sudden they heard voices close by, and, peeping over, saw two men standing leaning over the stern, apparently watching the gleaming wake. They were the same two whom they had noticed earlier in the day.

Next moment the taller of these men spoke:

"I take it, then, as you have some real information this time, Craze," he said, in a low voice.

"You can be very certain of that, Gurney," answered the other. "Surely you know me better than to think I should come all this distance on a wild-goose chase. I have it on good authority that the man whom they call the Big Britisher is the one we want. There is a reward of a thousand dollars offered by the police for his capture."

"A thousand dollars!" repeated the tall man, in a scornful tone. "You surely are not going to tell me that we are taking this trip for a thousand dollars! Why, it will barely pay our expenses!"

"I am telling you nothing of the sort," replied the black-haired man sharply. "There's ten times that money—maybe twenty—if we play our cards right."

Craze leaned nearer, and spoke in a lower tone.

"Gold, Gurney. My information is that this man, who is a fugitive from justice, has struck it rich up there in the Ranges. And once the police have captured him, what is to hinder us from staking his claim?"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

## The Bricklayer Poet

A BOY whose father had died before he was born and whose mother had married a bricklayer was sent to Westminster School, where he was educated under a master who won fame as a great scholar.

After leaving school the boy worked for a time at his father's trade, and then went to Cambridge University. But owing to lack of means he had to return to bricklaying, and helped to build the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn Gardens. He was very studious, and while working with a trowel in his hand always carried a book in his pocket.

The trade of bricklayer did not appeal to him, and his old schoolmaster is said to have sent him to Sir Walter Raleigh, who arranged for him to travel on the Continent with his son. He is also said to have served for a time as a soldier in the Low Countries, but the story of his early life is very vague and the order of events uncertain.

We know, however, that he became an actor, though not a very brilliant one, and he began to write plays. At first these were not very successful, but in 1598 he produced one that was acted at the theatre in London made famous by Shakespeare, and this gave him a great fame. The play has been performed in modern times.

Other plays followed in quick succession, in some of which the author ridiculed men of his time with whom he had quarrelled. He fought a duel with one actor and killed his opponent, whereupon he was sent to prison, narrowly escaping the gallows.

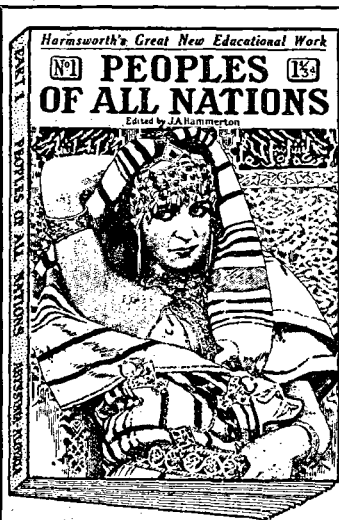
When he and other writers who had jointly produced a play in which they ridiculed Scotsmen after the accession of James I, they were put in prison and nearly lost their ears and noses.

The playwright recovered court favour, however, and wrote a number of beautiful masques, the scenery of which was arranged by the great architect Inigo Jones. But he quarrelled with the architect, who, after the accession of Charles I, had him driven from court.

The author was one of the most learned men of his time, and in addition to his plays and masques wrote many beautiful songs that are as well-known today as those of Shakespeare.

His last days were evil ones. The king's favour was changeable, his plays ceased to be fashionable and popular, his health declined, and various sources of means failed. Even his library, one of the very finest in the country, was destroyed by fire.

He died on August 6, 1637, and his remains were buried in Westminster Abbey. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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# Now Every Country Lane is Like the Gate of Heaven

## DR MERRYMAN

"I'M surprised to see you go hunting. I always thought you were a great animal lover," remarked a friend to Mr. Newrich.

"And so I am, but I must keep up appearances," replied the man of wealth; and then, growing confidential, he whispered: "But I always use blank cartridges."

### What Am I?

MY third in my first is most awful at sea,  
Yet many outlive it, so therefore may we;  
My whole in my first is the charm of the wood  
And type of whatever is noble and good.  
Do you ask for my second? I've mentioned it twice;  
Nay, in these very lines you will meet with it thrice.

Answer next week

### A Good Catch

THERE was a young fisher named Beales  
Who gaily went fishing for eels,  
But, alas, to his wonder  
The eels drew him under,  
And kept him there turning cart-wheels.

WHY is an author more free than a king?  
Because he can choose his own subjects.

### Puzzle Game



What game does this picture represent?  
Answer next week

### Hear! Hear!

BY the sea, whereabouts I've no notion,  
The crabs raised a dreadful commotion;  
They were clapping their claws  
In excited applause  
Because they approved of the ocean.

WHAT tree is of great use in history?  
The date.

### Overheard



MR. WOODPECKER: "My dear, I hope you have a good dinner ready. I feel most exceptionally peckish today."

### A Clear Conscience

WHO owes no debt for crust or crumb  
Can sleep within a beaten drum.

### Do You Live in Nantwich?

NANT is from a Welsh word meaning stream, and wich is the Old English wic, a village, so that Nantwich means the village by the stream.

WHY is a poor friend better than a rich one?

Because a friend in need is a friend indeed.

### School Howlers



### Hannibal's Great Feat

A BOY during a lesson in Roman history said that Hannibal had the greatest feet in history, as shown by his famous march over the Alps.

WHAT is it that holds water although it is full of holes?  
A sponge.

### The Letter E

THE letter E is the most often used of all the vowels, and many big words contain no other vowel. It is quite an amusing and instructive game to see how many such words we can write down in a given time. Here are a few containing the vowel E five times each.

Effervescence, enfeeblement, elevenpence, defencelessness.

How many more can you think of?

WHAT is the most dangerous time of the year?  
Spring, when the buds are shooting.

### Luncheon for Seven

SEVEN men were in the habit of lunching at a certain restaurant at regular intervals. The first man visited the place every day, the second every second day, the third every third day, the fourth every fourth day, and so on. Noticing this peculiarity the proprietor promised that he would give a free lunch to the seven men on the day they all arrived together. They continued their regular visits, until the day came when all seven met at the restaurant.

When was this? Solution next week

### Not Strictly Correct

THEY were having a botany lesson, and the teacher asked the children if they knew what made the leaves turn red in the autumn. Up popped one hand, and only one.  
"Well, Tommy?" asked the teacher of the owner of the hand.  
"Please, miss," replied Tommy, "they blush to think how green they have been all the summer."

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Short Words

J (Jay), U (yew), T (tea), B (bee), and P (pea).

What Did They See? Lifeboat

Do You Live Here? Manchester

## Jacko Gets a Lift

JACKO didn't stand staring with his mouth open very long. When he got over his surprise he felt ready to burst with indignation. It nearly choked him.

"The cheek of the fellow!" he spluttered. "Can't leave a horse alone for five minutes but up he must come and gallop off with it! He must think I'm a softie to let him!"

Jacko put his hands to his lips and whistled like an express train entering a tunnel.

"Deaf, is he?" he muttered. "A little bit hard of hearing—I'll make him hear!"

The man heard fast enough. He slackened speed and looked back over his shoulder.

"Let that horse alone!" shouted Jacko. "It isn't yours!"

"It isn't yours," replied the man, with a grin.

"I never said it was," retorted Jacko. "I'm taking care of it for somebody."

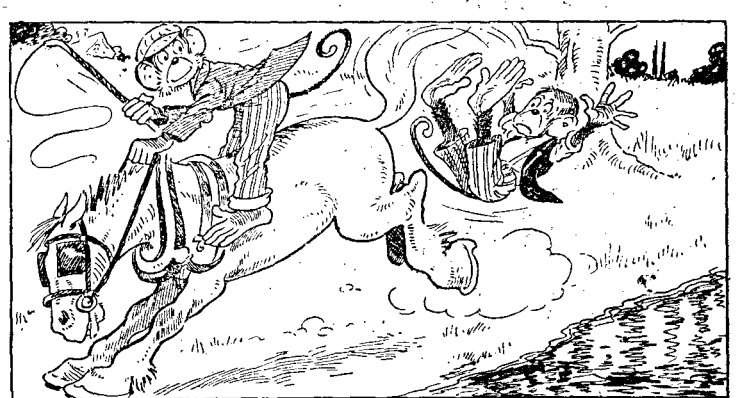
"I'll mind it a bit," said the man, grinning more than ever.

By this time Jacko had been able to get up alongside, and with a bound he sprang on to Brownie's back.

The man tried to shake him off, but Jacko clung on like a leech. What he meant to do, as soon as he got the chance, was to pull the man off and then spring up again and ride off.

But it was not so easy. The man pushed, shouting angrily all the time, and Jacko pulled, and there they stayed till poor old Brownie had had about enough of it.

Suddenly, to Jacko's surprise, she kicked up her heels,



She kicked up her heels and sent him flying

sprang into the air, and came down with such a thud that she sent Jacko flying.

He came down in the road with a frightful bang. "Stop!" shouted Jacko, picking himself up as quickly as he could.

But the wicked wretch only laughed at him—roared at him—and rode off.

Jacko was furious.

As he looked round frantically he noticed a motor-bicycle propped up against a tree. He rushed at it, dragged it out into the middle of the road, and sprang on to it.

Now, Jacko knew something about motor-bicycles, but not much.

"If I can only get the thing to go," he said to himself as he tugged at the levers, "I'll barge into him and make him stop."

After he had managed to jam his hand rather badly, and to knock a lump of skin off his ankle, Jacko got it to start. And after many groans and some violent explosions it went.

It went like mad.

And so did Brownie when she heard it pounding up behind her. Between them they didn't half kick up the dust along that road! Instead of stopping her it sent her on faster than ever. Jacko had no idea she could go at such a speed.

## Ici on Parle Français



La bulle La pâquerette La colonne  
La fille fait des bulles de savon  
Quelle jolie fleur est la pâquerette!  
Admirez les colonnes de ce temple



Le gland Le boucher Le bougeoir  
Il a un beau gland à sa casquette  
Le boucher vend du bœuf et du veau  
Où donc ai-je mis le bougeoir?

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1922	1921
London	8178	7863
Glasgow	2322	2265
Liverpool	1831	1614
Birmingham	1691	1656
Dublin	937	802
Belfast	891	845
Sheffield	889	909
Leeds	781	812
Edinburgh	776	618
Nottingham	486	500
Cardiff	457	380
Exeter	87	91

The four weeks end February 25, 1922.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## The Top

IT was a really splendid top, and with a few taps of Tom's whip now and again it looked as if it would go spinning on and on for ever.

Tom had got it going beautifully when up came Cyril, Tom's little cousin.

"Oh, do let me have it, Tom!" he cried.

"All right," said Tom—"in a minute. Just let me see how long I can keep it going."

But Cyril wanted it that very minute. He was a spoilt little boy, and he didn't like waiting.

He ran forward and put out his hand to snatch it.

"In a minute," said Tom again, and, not noticing how near Cyril was, he lifted his whip and gave the top a smart cut with it.

Cyril cried out, and fell down with a roar of pain. The whip had caught him badly.

Tom was terribly sorry when he saw the long, red mark on his little cousin's leg, and he said so over and over again.

But Cyril wouldn't listen. He went screaming into the house.

"Look what Tom has done!" he cried, holding out his leg. "I only wanted to play with his top."

It sounded as if Tom had done it on purpose. And Tom couldn't say anything because Cyril was a visitor and such a little chap. But that night when Cyril's Auntie—that was Tom's mother—came to kiss him good-night, she found them with their arms round one another's neck.

It was perfectly clear that they were excellent friends again.

Cyril held out a beautiful picture book.

"Tom's given it to me," he said—"his new one. Isn't it



It was a splendid top

splendid of him? I've been such a wicked boy, Auntie. It wasn't Tom's fault that I got hurt. It was mine. If I hadn't tried to snatch the top I shouldn't have got in the way of the whip."

His Auntie smiled. She had guessed that all along.

Tom got quite red in the face, but all he said was:

"That's all right, Cyril."



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 25, 1922

Every Friday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere abroad for 11s. a year; inland, 13s. My Magazine (published on the 15th of each month) is posted abroad for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d.; British Isles, 14s. 6d. See below.

## COAL ON THE SHORE · SHACKLETON'S LAST PORTRAIT · TRAIN IN TROUBLE



**Coal on the Seashore**—On the Northumberland coast a seam of coal is found a few feet under a layer of hard rock, and unemployed miners have been digging to get at this. The work can only be done between tides, when the rocks are not covered by the sea. Here we see some miners filling a sack



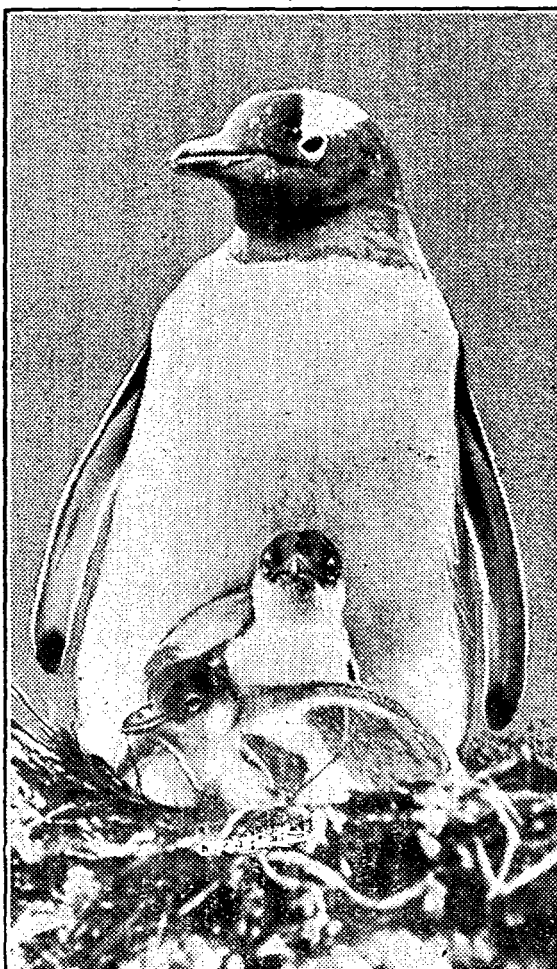
**The Editor and the C.N. Natural Historian on the Riviera**—Mr. Mee, on the left, is here seen introducing our Natural Historian to the rocky shores of the Mediterranean at Cap D'Antibes, not far from Cannes



**Elephants Have a Wash and Brush Up**—Elephants play an important part in all State functions in India, and in preparation for the Prince of Wales's recent visit to Indore the State elephants there were given a bath, a luxury in which, as this photograph shows, they revelled. It is never difficult to take the elephants to the water



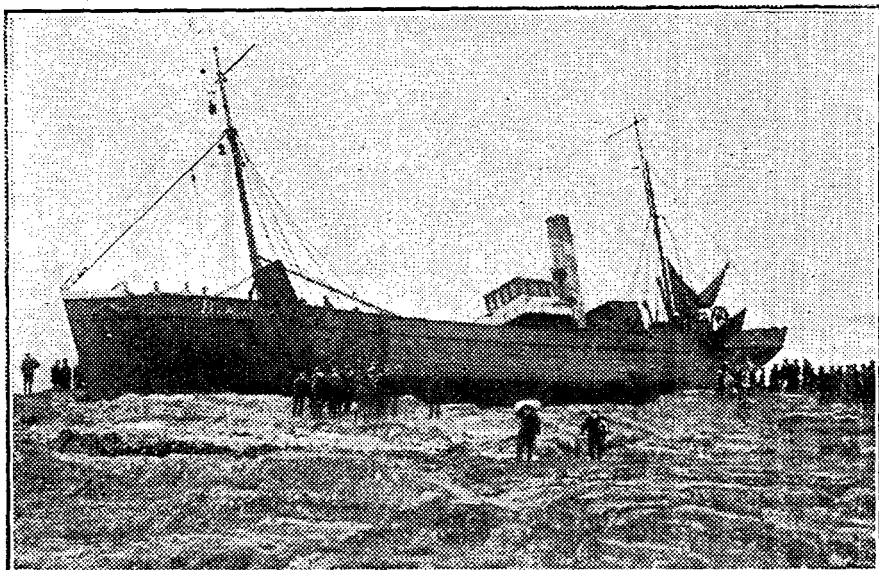
**Shackleton's Last Photograph**—This picture, which has a pathetic interest as being one of the last photographs taken of Shackleton, shows the great explorer busily engaged in giving a bath to Query, the Alsatian wolfhound puppy that was taken as a mascot on board the Quest



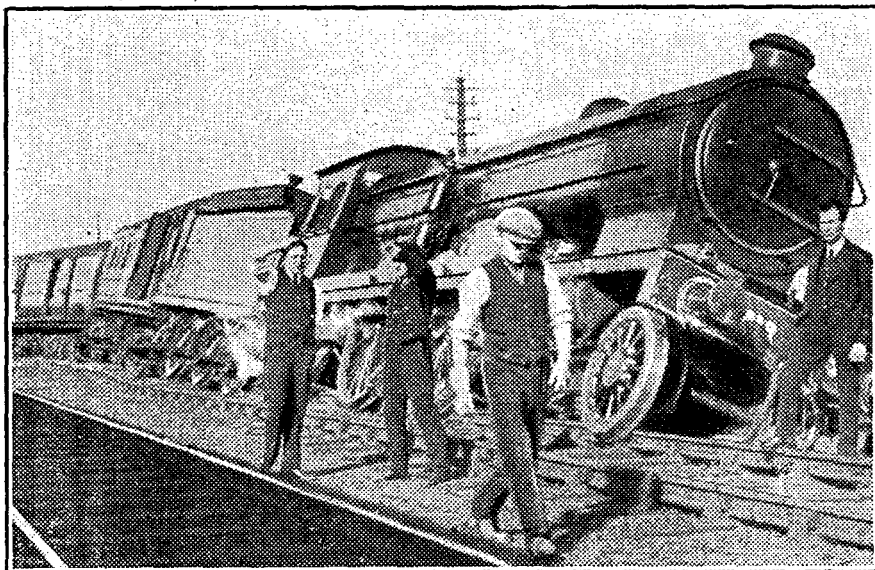
**Penguin Family Faces the Camera**—A remarkable photograph of a mother penguin and her two children taken at South Georgia by the photographer of the Quest during the recent visit of the Antarctic expedition. The birds made very good sitters in the open-air studio



**The Long and Short of It**—This photograph, taken at The Hale, in Buckinghamshire, during the recent cross-country run of the boys of Mill Hill School, shows the junior boy and the senior boy running side by side. The younger boy is certainly making a very good show



**Ship Thrown Up on the Rocks**—The French steam trawler Marguerite, which, during a storm, was hurled ashore on the Horstone Rocks near Looe, in Cornwall, as described in last week's C.N. The crew of twenty men was saved by the heroism of the Looe lifeboat



**Bad for the Coo and the Train**—When the Scotch express ran into a number of cattle on the line at Goswick, in Northumberland, and killed eleven animals, it was not only bad for the coo, but, as can be seen from this picture, also for the train. See page 9